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Welcome Tidings

BY

Rev. Robert Lowry, W. Howard Doane and Ira D. Sankey.

INCLUDING THE LAST HYMNS AND MUSIC OF THE LATE

P. P. BLISS

LOW & MAIN, NEW YORK

CHURCH & CO. CINCINNATI

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Welcome Tidings:

A NEW

COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, W. HOWARD DOANE AND IRA D. SANKEY,

EMBRACING NEW HYMNS AND MUSIC BY THE LATE

P. P. BLISS.

PUBLISHED BY

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Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me.—Psa. 50 : 23.

Every word of God is pure.—Prov. 30 : 5.

Let all the people praise thee.—Psa. 67 : 5.

Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion.—Is. 12 : 6.

O sing unto the Lord a new song.—Psa. 96 : 1.

My servants shall sing for joy of heart.—Is. 65 : 14.

Exalted above all blessing and praise.—Neh. 9 : 5.

They sing the song of Moses, * * * and the song of the Lamb.—Rev. 15 : 3.

Is any merry? Let him sing psalms.—James 5 : 13.

Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.—Col. 3 : 17.

I will sing with the spirit, and * * * with the understanding.—1 Cor. 14 : 15.

Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John 14 : 27.

Good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people.—Luke 2 : 10.

Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—Eph. 5 : 19

Attention to the following pages will serve as an introduction to an acquaintance with the book:—4, 7, 9, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 26, 27, 30, 31, 35, 38, 44, 53, 56, 57, 58, 61, 63, 66, 69, 75, 80, 81, 83, 84, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 94, 100, 101, 102, 104, 109, 113, 115, 116, 118, 121, 123, 129, 136, 141, 150.

WELCOME TIDINGS.

LORD JESUS, COME!

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again." JOHN 14: 3.

ANON. P. P. BLISS.

1. Lord Je - sus, come! Nor let us long-er roam A - far from Thee, and that bright place Where
2. Lord Je - sus, come! Thine absence here we mourn: No joy we know a - part from Thee, No
3. Lord Je - sus, come! And take Thy peo-ple home: That all Thy flock, so scattered here, With

we shall see Thee face to face. Lord Je - sus, come! Lord Je - sus, come!
sor - row in Thy pres - ence see.
Thee in glo - ry may ap - pear.

BY PERMISSION.

What wilt Thou have Me to Do?

P. P. Bliss. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do."—Acts 9 : 6. W. H. Doane.

1. What wilt Thou have me to do, O Lord, What wilt Thou have me to do? Thou hast redeemed me, Thy
2. What wilt Thou have me to do, O Lord, What wilt Thou have me to do? Is it' to la - bor? I'll
3. What wilt Thou have me to do, O Lord, What wilt Thou have me to do? Sing of Thy mer - cy who

right I own, Thine are my pow'rs, my Saviour, a - lone; Thou hast for me such great things done,
glad - ly go; Is it to wait? then let it be so; On - ly Thy will I ask to know;
died for me? Tell the good news, sal - va - tion is free? Say, shall I work or sing for Thee?

What wilt Thou have me to do? What is the labor appointed me? Where shall I labor for Thee?

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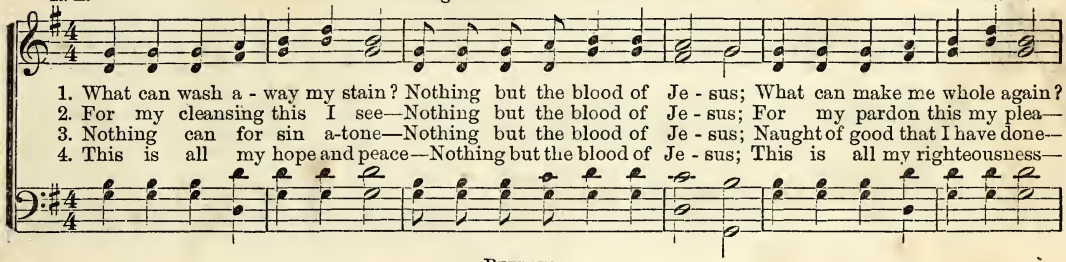
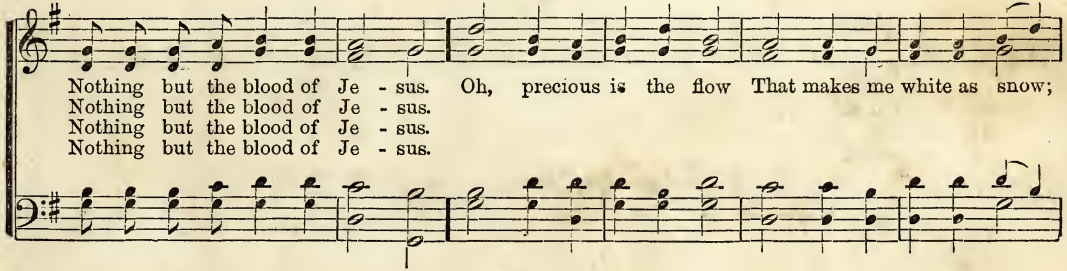
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. L. "Without shedding of blood is no remission."—Heb. 9 : 22. R. Lowry.

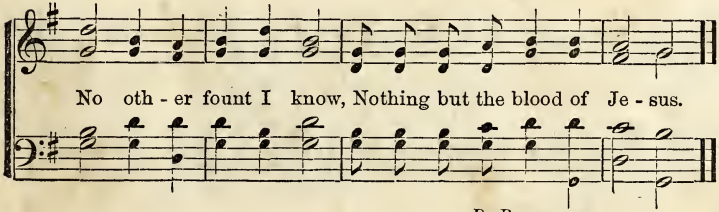


1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; What can make me whole again?
2. For my cleansing this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; For my pardon this my plea—
3. Nothing can for sin a-tone—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; Naught of good that I have done—
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; This is all my righteousness—

Refrain.



Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.



No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

5 Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

By Permission.

HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE!

P. P. BLISS. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son."—JOHN 3: 16. P. P. BLISS.

1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give Un - to him who on Je - sus, His
2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too, Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble To
3. Ma - ny loved ones have I in yon hea - ven - ly throng, They are safe now in glo - ry, And

Son, will be - lieve. Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am saved by the
car - ry me thro'.
this is their song:

1st time. 2d time.

blood of the cru-ci - fied One; cru-ci - fied One.

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march thro' the streets of pure [gold·
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

BY PERMISSION.

To Arms! to Arms! ye Soldiers!

Rev. Newman Hall. "Put on the whole armor."—Eph. 6 : 11. Ira D. Sankey.

1. To arms! to arms! ye sol - diers, The trumpet call o - bey! A - rise from drear - y
2. 'Tis not to rest, or ban - quet, Or proud parade we go; The fight of faith is
3. A - gainst the powers of darkness With fear - ful craft and rage, Our heavenly Captain
4. We'll bless Thee for the bat - tle, We'll glo - ry in the strife; We'll shout at call of

Refrain.

slum - bers To watch, and fight, and pray. To arms! to arms! ye sol - diers, The
fierc - er, Than world-ly war - riors know.
calls us In - ces - sant war to wage.
trump - et, We'll win e - ter - nal life.

trump - et call o - bey! With Je - sus as our Lead - er, We're sure to win the day.

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Faith in Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."—Matt. 8 : 2 W. H. Doane.

1. Gracious Lord, Thou canst make me clean; Hide not Thy face from me; Sick and faint, as the
2. Gracious Lord, Thou canst make me clean; Wea - ry and sad am I; Bend-ing low at Thy

D. C. *Gracious Lord, Thou canst make me clean; Speak, and my soul shall live; O my faith will not*

Fine.

lep - er came, Je - sus, I come to Thee; Thou canst remove the plague of sin, Washing my inmost soul;
sa - cred feet, Hear my repentant cry; Faith in Thy word has led me here, Faith cannot plead in vain;

let Thee go Till Thou my sin for-give.

D. C. Chorus.

Je-sus, I come with breaking heart, Help me and make me whole.
Lord, I believe; O cleanse me now, Wash me from every stain.

3.

Gracious Lord, Thou canst make me clean;
Lord, I am pleading still;
Now I hear from Thy lips divine,
"Child, thou hast faith—I will;"
Joy to my soul, great joy has come,
Mourning and tears are o'er;
Sweet are the words of Thy love to me,
"Go thou, and sin no more."

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Home at Last.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. "An inheritance reserved in heaven for you."—1 Pet. 1: 4. R. Lowry.

1. Cheer, O cheer, ye sons of Zi - on! Weary days will soon be past; Joy's bright banner waving o'er us
2. Cheer, O cheer, the morn is breaking! Gloomy night will disappear; Christ will come with sweet awak-ing;
3. Cheer, O cheer, the morn is breaking! Bright its beams of promise rise; Sing, O sing, ye heirs of Zi - on!

Cho.—*Cheer, O cheer, ye sons of Zi - on! Weary days will soon be past; Joy's bright banner waving o'er us*

Fine. Duet.

Tells that Heaven is won at last; On that fair, ce - les - tial morning, Comes no cloud of
Hap - pier days will soon be here; Long the pil - grim path we've wandered, Long we've hoped 'mid
Hear the wel - come from the skies: Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa - ther, Faint no more 'mid

Tells that Heaven is won at last.

D. C. Chorus.

grief or pain; In your peaceful tents a - bid - ing, Sor - row ne'er shall come a - gain.
doubt and fear, Hard we've pressed thro' many a bat - tle— Now the day of peace is here.
doubts and fears; Heaven's bright portal opes be - fore you; Wait for you im - mor - tal years.

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Bethesda is Open.

Rev. F. Denison. "Wilt thou be made whole?"—John 5: 6. W. H. Doane.

1. Be - thes - da is o - pen, the an - gel has come, The Spir - it is call - ing for Thee;
2. Come press to the wa - ters while mer - cy is here, Ac - cept of a cleansing com - plete;
3. The house of Be - thes - da for sin - ners was built, The pool is a fountain of love;
4. Then come to the fountain, ye need-y and lost, Come now while the Saviour is nigh;

The wa - ters are troubled, be - hold, there is room; Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus is free.
O, hear the en - treat - y, dis - miss - ing your fear; Lo, judgment and mer - cy now meet.
The wa - ters are troubled for can - cell - ing guilt, And still for our heal-ing they move.
This grace has been purchased at in - fi - nite cost, And they that re - ject it must die.

Fine.

D.S. *The wa - ters are troubled, be - hold there is room, Be - thes - da is o - pen for thee.*

Refrain.

Sal - va - tion is free, Sal - va - tion is free, Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus is free;

D. S.

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Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. "A rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4 : 9. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm; O - ver the hearts of the
2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shineth thy gold - en day, Wafting the songs of the
3. There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng, O - ver the highlands of

Refrain.

wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm. Beau - ti - ful valley of E - den, Home of the pure and
an - gels Down from the far a - way.
glo - ry Roll - eth the great, new song.

the

Rit.

blest, ... How oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest— sweet rest!

pure and blest,

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When my weary Hands are Folded.

"When thou passest through the waters."—Isa. 43 : 2.

Words written by P. P. Bliss for I. D. S. — Ira D. Sankey.

1. When my wea - ry hands are fold - ed on my faint - ly throbbing breast, And my soul has
2. But a great - er joy 'twill give me if some toil - ing one can say, I have helped to
3. When the songs of earth are o - ver, and my last "good by" is said, When my life - less

spread her pin-ions for the cit - y of the blest; 'Twill be sweet to hear the loved ones
bear his bur - den and have cheered him on the way; Oh! I'll praise His grace for - ev - er
form they fol - low to the dwell - ing of the dead; 'Twill be sweet if friends remem - ber

Rit.

sing some dear fa - mil - iar song, As I rise to join the chorus of the blood-washed, holy throng.
who hath died to ran - som me, And hath chosen me a sharer in His blessed work to be.
and shall mark the qui - et spot, Tell - ing on - ly that the sleeper hath not quickly been for - got.

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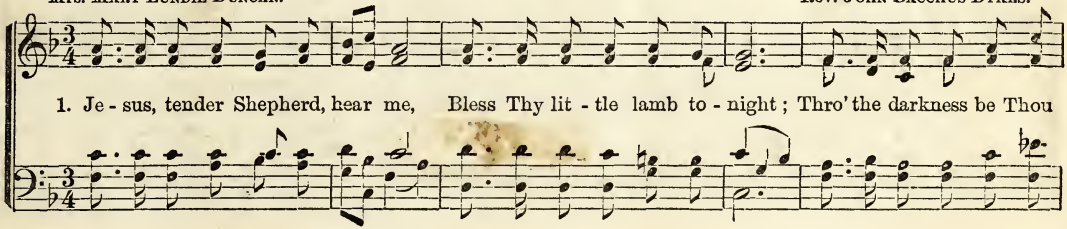
4 But if one poor weary wand'rer shall be guided home by me,
'Twere a grander, nobler monument throughout all eternity;
And to Him shall be the glory, unto whom all praise is due,
For the love that hath redeemed us, and hath made my Heaven *two*.

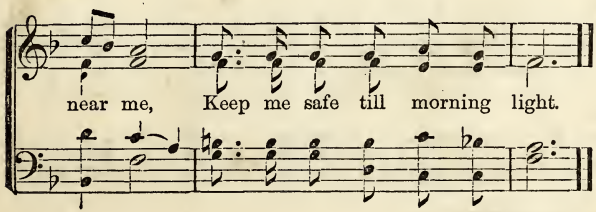
5 When among the ransomed millions by His grace redeemed I stand,
Then my song shall swell the chorus of the glad triumphant band;
Oh, how sweet will be the resting when my conflicts all are past,
Oh, the mighty "Alleluia" of our victory at last!

JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm."—Is. 40: 11.

Mrs. MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN. Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.





2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

BY PERMISSION.

Only Thy Garment's Hem.

Fanny J. Crosby. "If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole."—Matt. 9 : 21. W. H. Doane.

1. Crowds are behind Thee, crowds are be - fore, Life in a sin - gle moment Thou canst restore;
2. On - ly to touch Thee, Saviour, I know, Peace to my troubled spir - it Thou wilt be - stow;
3. Lord, I am sin - ful, Thou un - de - filed, Yet dost Thou love and e - ven call me Thy child;

On - ly to touch Thee, spotless and pure, On - ly to touch Thy garment, faith brings the cure.
On - ly to touch Thee, this is my prayer, Longer my heav - y bur - den I can not bear.
Great is Thy mer - cy, wond'rous to me; Lord, 'tis my faith that saves me, glo - ry to Thee!

Refrain.

On - ly Thy garment's hem, Lord, I im - plore; On - ly Thy garment's hem life will re - store;

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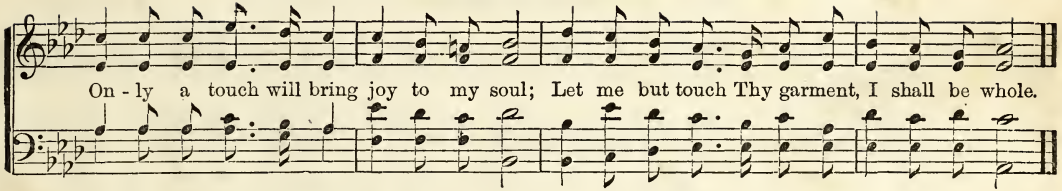
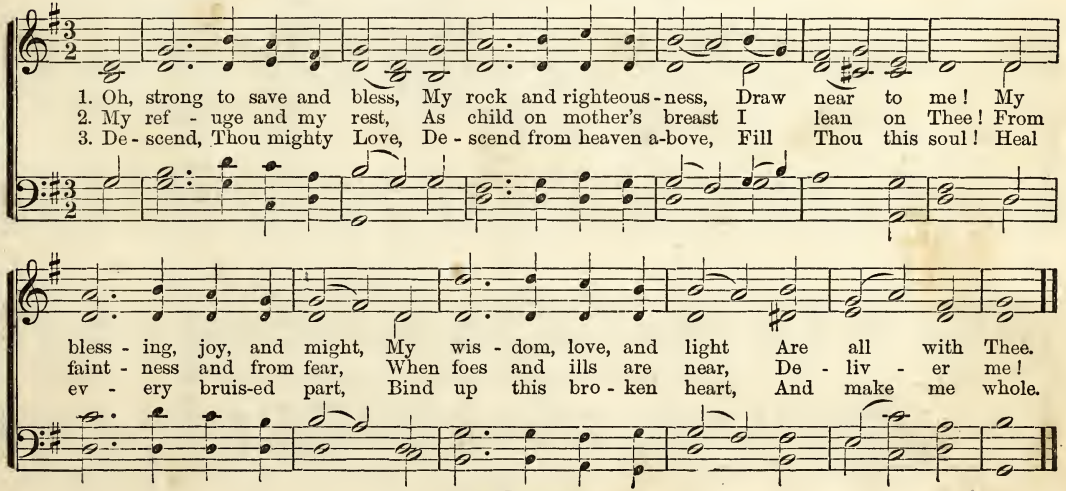
Only Thy Garment's Hem. Concluded.



My Rock.

Dr. Horatius Bonar. "Thou art my father, my God, and the rock of my salvation."—Ps. 89: 26. P. P. Bliss.



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JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. "To him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."—REV. 1: 6. R. LOWRY.

1. Our Lord is crowned Imman - uel King; His roy - al robes are gleaming; And thro' the pearl - y
2. Our King Im - man - uel takes His throne; We cast our crowns be - fore Him; His precious name our
3. Our Lord is crowned Imman - uel King, Im-mor - tal Prince and Saviour; We have no gold - en

REFRAIN.

gates unbarred Love's golden morn is streaming. We trust a - lone in Christ our King, Our
lips shall own, And ev - ery heart a - dore Him.
gifts to bring For Love's a - ton - ing fa - vor.

on - ly hope is Je - sus; We have no worth ourselves to bring; 'Tis Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.

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Battle Song.

Rev. F. Denison. "Wilt thou go with me to battle?"—1 Kings 22 : 4. W. H. Doane.

1. Forward, soldiers, bold and fearless, Hear the call of God; Prove your courage in the conflict,
2. Faith our shield and hope our helmet, Sa - tan's host we face; Marshalled in the might of Je - sus,

Refrain.

Tread where brave men trod. Lift a - loft the cross of Je - sus, Hold it high and strong;
Win we by His grace.

Shout the name of Him who saves us, Swell the bat - tle song.

3 Catch the order of our Captain,
Wield the Spirit's sword;
Onward, fearless, press to conquer,
Slaying with His Word.

4 Sharers in the glad hosanna,
All who will believe,
They who, joyful, hail His banner,
Crowns of life receive.

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Ho, every One that Thirsteth.

Anon. "Come ye, buy and eat."—Is. 55: 1. P. P. Bliss.

Duet.

1. Be - side the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say, "I want that liv - ing wa - ter, Give me to drink, I pray; The well is deep, O pilgrim, But deep-er is my need; I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The 'Gift of God' in - deed."
2. Be - side the pool Be - thes - da, I hear a mournful cry; "No help, no hope is of - fered To one so weak as I;" Oh, cease thy sad complaining, The gospel gives thee cheer; Come to the house of mer - cy, For Christ the pool is here.

Chorus.

Ho, ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy! 'Tis He, the great Physi - cian, Can cure the sin-sick soul; Ye blessed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die. "Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

3 While seated on the hill-side,
The hungry ones were fed
By Him who said most truly,
"I am the living bread;"
'Tis He, the heavenly manna,
Who doth our souls restore;
By faith of Him partaking
We live for evermore.

Cho.—Ho, every one that thirsteth,
The living water buy!
Ye blessed ones that hunger,
Take, eat and never die.

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Stand still, O Child of God!

Ex. 14: 13, 14. Josh. 3: 13. 2 Chron. 20: 17.

P. P. Bliss, finished by Major D. W. Whittle. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Stand still and trust His might, Who bids your trembling cease; The Lord for you shall fight, And
2. Stand still, tho' Jordan's waves In gath'ring bil - lows roar; The Lord who sure - ly saves Leads
3. Stand still, and sing, and praise, The bat - tle is not thine; Stand still, while God displays His

Chorus.

ye shall hold your peace. Stand still, oh, child of God! Whatev-er ill betide; Stand still and trust His
on to Canaan's shore.
grace and pow'r di - vine.

word, And in His love a - bide; Stand still and trust His word, And in His love a - bide.

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Is it There?

Mrs. F. V. Alstine. "And another book was opened, which is the book of life."—Rev. 20 : 12. W. H. Doane.

1. Is my hope on the Rift - ed Rock, Cleft by the Lord for me? Is my name in the
2. Do I walk with a stead - fast eye Fixed on the heavenly land? Is my name in the

Refrain.

Book of Life? O that my faith could see! Is it there, is it there, Bright on the page so
Book of Life, Graved by a Saviour's hand?

fair? Is it there, is it there, Safe in my Father's care?

3 Can I say, with a trusting heart,
Jesus, Thy will, not mine?
Is my name in the Book of Life,
Sealed by His blood divine?

4 When in death I shall calmly sleep,
Jesus, to wake with Thee,
There my name in the Book of Life
Grant that my eye may see.

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Room for the Penitent.

F. J. C. "And yet there is room."—Luke 14: 22. R. Lowry.

1. Room for the pen - i - tent, burdened with sin, Room at the o - pen door—let him come in;
2. Room where the living stream flows at his feet, Room at the throne of grace—God's mercy seat;
3. Room at the blessed feast God has prepared, Room where the bread of life millions have shared;

Wea - ry and tempest-tossed, where can he flee? Je - sus, thou Lamb of God, on - ly to Thee.
There may the broken heart lose all its grief, There may the contrite soul find sweet re - lief.
Room where the smiles of love ten - der - ly fall; Room in Thy arms, O Christ, room, room for all.

Refrain.

Room for the pen - i - tent; where can he flee? Je - sus, thou Lamb of God, on - ly to Thee.

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Do something for Jesus to-day.

James Nicholson. "Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Do something for Je - sus to - day, Re - member what He did for you; Let ev - ery be - liev - er now say, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? Do something for Je - sus to - day, Do some - thing for Je - sus to - day, Do some - thing to - day, Do to - day, to - day,

2. Do something for Je - sus to - day, Bring some one to bow at His feet; O why shouldst thou long - er de - lay? All work for the Mas - ter is sweet.

3. Do something for Je - sus to - day, The moments, how swiftly they roll! Now res - cue the lost ones who say That no man doth care for their soul.

4. Do something for Je - sus to - day, Go speak to that per - ish - ing one Whom Sa - tan hath long led a - stray; To - morrow, the soul may be gone.

Refrain.

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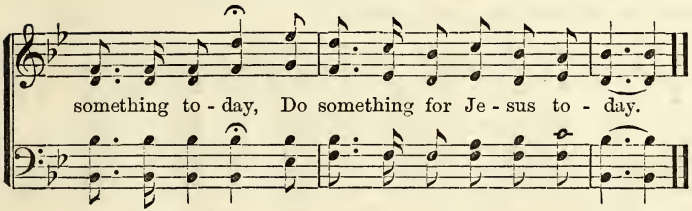
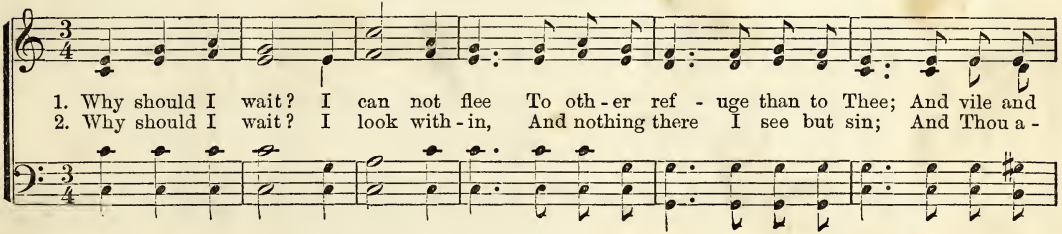


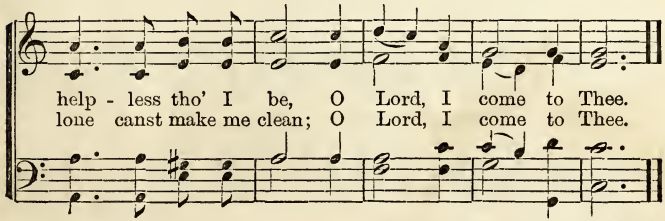
5 Do something for Jesus to-day,
God blesseth the feeblest word;
Now earnestly labor and pray,
That hearts by His love may be stirr'd.

6 Do something for Jesus to-day,
Each worker receives a reward;
And Christ in the judgment shall say,
"Come, enter the joy of Thy Lord."

WHY SHOULD I WAIT?

P. P. BLISS. "Now is the day of salvation."—2 COR. 6 : 2. P. P. BLISS.





3 Why should I wait? while now, to-day,
I hear Thy voice in mercy say,
Sinner, I wash thy sins away;
O Lord, I come to Thee.

4 Why should I wait? I must not wait;
To-morrow's sun may be too late,
And death may seal my hapless state;
O Lord, I come to Thee.

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ARISE, GO OVER JORDAN.

P. P. BLISS. "For the Lord thy God is with thee."—JOSH. 1: 9. P. P. BLISS.

Allegretto.

1. "A - rise, go o - ver Jor - dan," The voice of grace o - bey; The law by Mo - ses
2. All who, the call o - bey - ing, With Christ are cru - ci - fied, Thro' death and res - ur -
3. Come to the cross at Gil - gal, There leave the load of sin, And on the Lamb there
4. "A - rise, go o - ver Jor - dan," No long - er doubting stand; By faith thy foe sub -

CHORUS.

giv - en No long - er leads the way. "A - rise, go o - ver Jor - dan," O
rec - tion In Christ are just - i - fied.
feast - ing, The life of faith be - gin.
du - ing, Pos - sess the Prom - ised Land.

church of God, to - day! The *Law*, in - deed, no more can lead, 'Tis *Grace* provides the way.

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Blessed Home-Land.

Fanny J. Crosby — "There remaineth * * * a rest."—Heb. 4 : 9. — Hubert P. Main.

1. Glid - ing o'er life's fit - ful waters, Heav - y surg - es sometimes roll; And we sigh for yonder
2. Oft we catch a faint re - flection Of its bright and vernal hills; And, tho' dis - tant, how we
3. To our Fa - ther, and our Saviour, To the Spir - it, Three in One, We shall sing glad songs of
4. 'Tis the wea - ry pilgrim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall cease, And our longings and our

Refrain.

ha - ven, For the Home-land of the soul. Bless - ed Home-land, ev - er fair! Sin can
hail it! How each heart with rapture thrills!
tri - umph When our har - vest work is done.
yearnings, Like a wave, be hushed to peace.

nev - er en - ter there; But the soul, to life a - wak - ing, Ev - er - last-ing bloom shall wear.

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GLORY TO JESUS.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. "To whom be glory for ever and ever."—2 TIM. 4: 18. R. LOWRY.

1. Let us ral - ly round the word, 'neath the banner of the Lord—*Giv - ing to Je - sus all the glo - ry—*
2. There's a star - ry crown on high, and a kingdom drawing nigh—*Giv - ing to Je - sus all the glo - y—*
3. When the bat - tle work is done, and the vic - to - ry is won—*Giv - ing to Je - sus all the glo - ry—*

In the name of Him who died, Him the Loved and Cruci-fied—*Giv - ing to Je-sus all the glo - ry.*
And we'll win the crown at last, when the bat-tle days are past—*Giv - ing to Je-sus all the glo - ry.*
We will sing a grander song, and the mel- o - dy prolong—*Giv - ing to Je-sus all the glo - ry.*

CHORUS.

The Lord is be-fore us, and vic - to - ry will come; U - nit - ed for - ever, we'll gain the heavenly home;

And we'll crown the Lord above with our hallowed songs of love—*Giv - ing to Je - sus all the glo - ry.*

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SHALL I LET HIM IN?

H. R. P. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—EPH. 3: 17. H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in? Pa-tient-ly knocking at
2. Shall I send Him the lov-ing word? Shall I let Him in? Meekly ac-cept-ing my
3. Yes, I'll o-pen this proud heart's door; Yes, I'll let Him in; Gladly I'll welcome Him

my sad heart, Oh! shall I let Him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is
gracious Lord, Oh! shall I let Him in? He can in-fi-nite love impart; He can pardon this
ev-er-more, Oh, yes, I'll let Him in. Bless-ed Saviour, a-bide with me; Cares and tri-als will

all with-in: Christ is bidding me turn un-to Him; Oh, shall I let Him in?
reb-el heart: Shall I bid Him for-ev-er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?
light-er be; I am safe if I'm on-ly with Thee; Oh, bless-ed Lord, come in.

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Too Late.

F. J. C. "And the door was shut."—Matt. 25: 10. W. H. Doane.

(*Gently—may be sung as Solo*).

1. Too late? ah, no, the pulse of life Still throbs within thy breast; And while that blessed
2. He stands, He knocks, He calls, He waits, He tar - ries at thy heart; Canst thou re - ject His
3. Be-hold His hands, His bleeding side, His crown of thorns be - hold! And let His arms, ex -

spark re - mains, Thy soul may find a rest. The Lord in mer - cy spares thee yet, His
gra - cious call? And wilt thou say de - part? O, think on what a slen - der thread This
tend - ed wide, Thy trembling form en - fold. His mer - cy lengthens out thy days, His

Rit.

love to thee is great; But do not tempt that love too far, Or it may be too late.
mo - ment hangs thy fate; A - rise— ad - mit thy heavenly guest, Or it may be too late.
love to thee is great; O, do not tempt that love too far, Or it may be too late.

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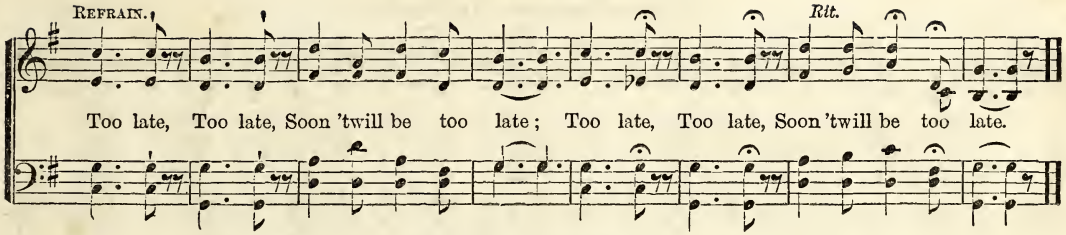
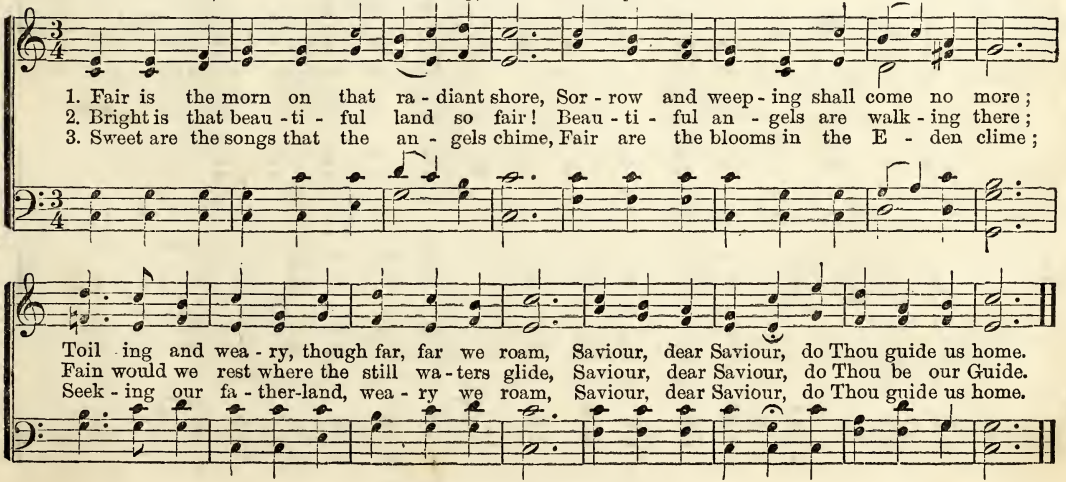
Too Late. Concluded.



Guide us Home.

Rev. W. O. Cushing, "A better country, that is a heavenly."—Heb. 11 : 16. Ira D. Sankey.



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WATCH AND PRAY.

Rev. A. KENYON. "Watch ye, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—MARK 14: 38. R. LOWRY.

1. Je - sus, keep me near Thee ev - er, For I'm tempted oft to stray; From the power of
2. In Thy vine-yard I would la - bor, And Thy wel - come voice o - bey; Yet, with all my
3. If I e'er would turn a sin - ner From the er - ror of his way, If of souls I
4. Would I gain the gates of Heaven, Growing stronger ev - ery day— While supplies of

REFRAIN.

sin de - liv - er; Help me, Lord, to watch and pray. Watch and pray, watch and pray,
best en - deav - or, I must ev - er watch and pray.
would be win - ner, I must dai - ly watch and pray.
grace are giv - en, I must hour-ly watch and pray.

Help me, Lord, to watch and pray; Watch and pray, watch and pray, Help me, Lord, to watch and pray.

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Let me Lean on Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. "Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble."—Psa. 102 : 2. Hubert P. Main.

1. When my way is hedged a - bout me, Hedged with thorns of care; When the cross I
2. O, for Faith to cast be - hind me Ev - ery sad com - plaint—Faith to run and
3. Clos - er let Thine arms en - fold me, Clos - er to Thy breast Draw my wea - ry,

loved so dear - ly, Seems too hard to bear; When my heart is bowed with sor - row,
not be wea - ry, Walk and nev - er faint; Thou dost know and feel my weak - ness,
trem - bling spir - it, Calm its doubts to rest; Give me strength for ev - ery bur - den

And no light I see— Lord, Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.
Sav - iour, look on me; Now Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.
Thou hast borne for me; Lord, Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.

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TRUST IN THE PROMISE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "The Lord will give you according as he has promised."—EX. 12: 25 W. H. DOANE.

SOLO. *1st voice.* CHORUS.

1. Brother, is your face toward the Canaan of rest? Trust in the promise of the Sav - iour;
2. Brother, is your faith look - ing upward to - day? Trust in the promise of the Sav - iour;
3. Brother, per - se - vere and be firm to the last, Trust in the promise of the Sav - iour;

2d voice. CHORUS.

Sis - ter, are you bound for the home of the blest? Trust in the promise of thy Lord.
Sis - ter, is the light shining bright on your way? Trust in the promise of thy Lord.
Sis - ter, you shall rest when your la - bor is past, Trust in the promise of thy Lord.

FULL CHORUS. D. S.

He will walk beside us, In His mercy hide us; With His eye He'll guide us, Trust in Him.
He will give us pleasure, Joy we cannot measure, And in heaven a treasure, Trust in Him.
Soon beyond the river, We shall rest for ever, There no more to sever, Trust in Him.

D. S. *Yes! we'll trust in Jesus, Yes! we'll trust in Jesus, He'll forsake us nev-er,* [Omit.....] *Trust in Him.*

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THERE'LL BE JOY BY AND BY.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. "Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30 : 5. R. Lowry.

1. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Tho' the way be long and wea - ry, Morn shall bring thee
1. Tho' thine eyes are sad with weeping, Thro' the night thy vig - ils keeping, God shall wipe thy
3. Tho' thy spir - it faints with fasting Thro' the hours so slow - ly wast-ing, Morn shall bring a

Chorus.

light and cheer; Child, look up, the dawn is near. There'll be joy by and by, There'll be joy
tears a - way, Turn thy darkness in - to day.
glo - rious feast, Thou shalt sit an honored guest.

Rit.

by and by, In the dawning of the morning, There'll be joy by and by.

By Permission.

THERE'S ROOM FOR THEE.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. "To you is the word of this salvation sent."—Acts 13 : 26. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. See, O see the shining angels Herald thro' the sky! Glo - ry o'er the world is breaking,
2. See the signs of promise brighten, Glorious days foretold! Millions long in sin be - nighted
3. Hear the Gospel trumpet sounding; Mercy's waiting still; Sin-ners, haste and seek sal - va - tion,

Refrain.

Je - sus pass - ing by. Now the door of mer - cy's o - pen; Now sal - va - tion's free;
Press to Zi - on's Fold.
Who - so - ev - er will.

Room enough for all in glory; Haste! there's room for thee.

4.

Wake, O wake, ye souls in darkness!
Wake! the day is nigh;
Glory on the hills is breaking,
Jesus passing by.
Ref—Now the door, &c.

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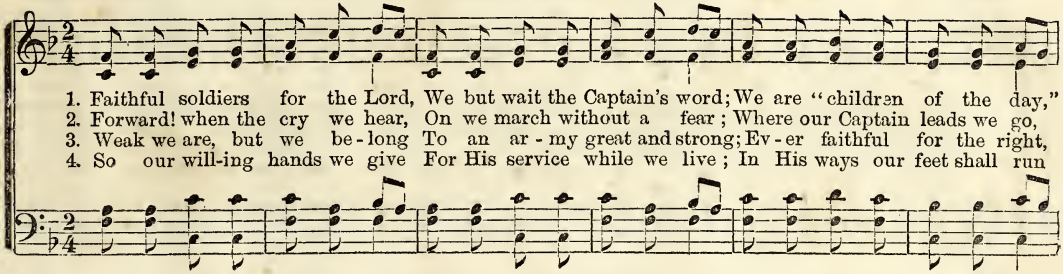
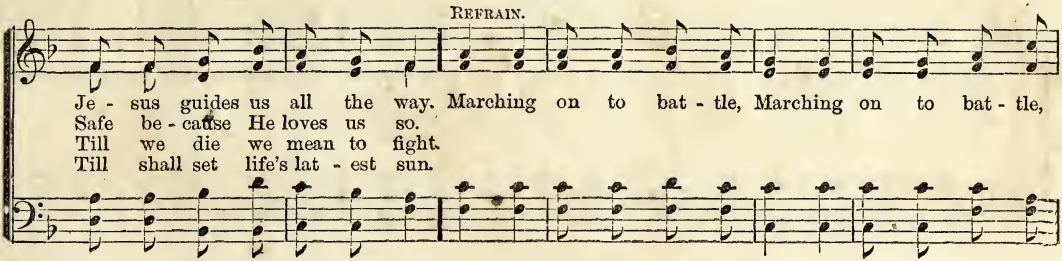
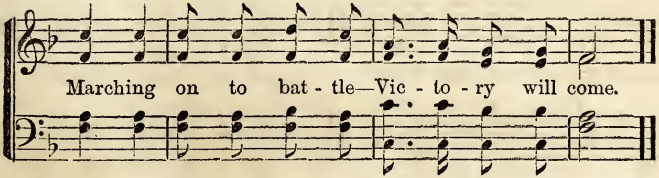
Marching on to Battle.

Mrs. Georgia Hulse McLeod. "Fight the Lord's battles."—1 Sam. 18 : 17. R. Lowry.







5 Eyes will search His blessed word,
Ears will listen for our Lord,
Tongues His goodness will declare,
Lips will praise him everywhere.

6 Now we tread the heavenly way,
Getting nearer every day;
There we'll lay our armor down,
There we'll wear our starry crown.

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SPEAK THE TRUTH.

W. S. "Speaking the truth in love."—EPH. 4: 15. WM. STEVENSON.

1. Speak the truth, be al - ways truthful, Nev - er with your lips deceive; In your ev - ery
2. Speak the truth, nor with it tri - fle To conceal a fault of yours; In the end the
3. Speak the truth, tho' you should suffer Loss of friends or earthly gain; Christ, your Friend, with
4. Speak the truth, stand up for Je - sus! He will be your stay and guide; Nev - er fal - ter,

REFRAIN.

thought and ac - tion, Let a no - ble can - dor breathe. We will ev - er speak the truth,
false - hood fails you; Noth - ing but the truth en - dures.
heaven - ly treas-ure Will re - pay you back a - gain.
face the dan - ger, Trust in Him what - e'er be - tide.

Yes, we'll ev - er speak the truth; Nev - er with our lips deceive, But will ev - er speak the truth.

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No Hope in Jesus.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. "Having no hope, and without God in the world."—Eph. 2: 12. R. Lowry.

1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - iour! No Rock, no Ref - uge nigh! When the dark days
2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - iour! How lone thy life must be! Like a sail - or,
3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - iour! No hand to clasp thy own! Thro' the dark, dark
4. Now we pray thee, Come to Je - sus; His pard'ning love re - ceive; For the Sav - iour

Refrain.

'round thee gath - er, When the storms sweep o'er the sky. Oh, to have no hope in Je - sus!
lost and driv - en, On a wide and shoreless sea.
vale of shadows, Thou must press Thy way a - lone.
now is call - ing, And He bids thee turn and live.

No Friend, no Light in Je - sus! Oh, to have no hope in Je - sus! How dark this world must be!

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To be There.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. "Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—Phil. 1 : 23. Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have heard of a land far a - way, And its glories no tongue can de - clare; But its
2. There are fore-tastes of heaven be - low, There are moments like joys of the blest; But the

beau - ty hangs o - ver the way, And with Je - sus I long to be there. To be there, to be
splendors no mor-tal can know, Of the land where the weary shall rest.

Refrain.

To be there,

there, And with Je - sus I long to be there; To be there, to be

to be there, to be there; To be there,

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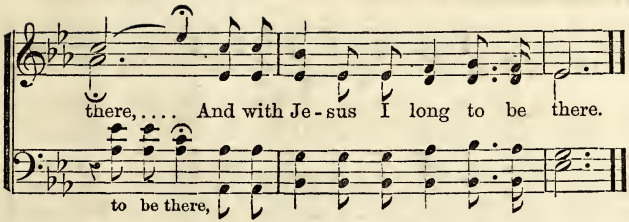
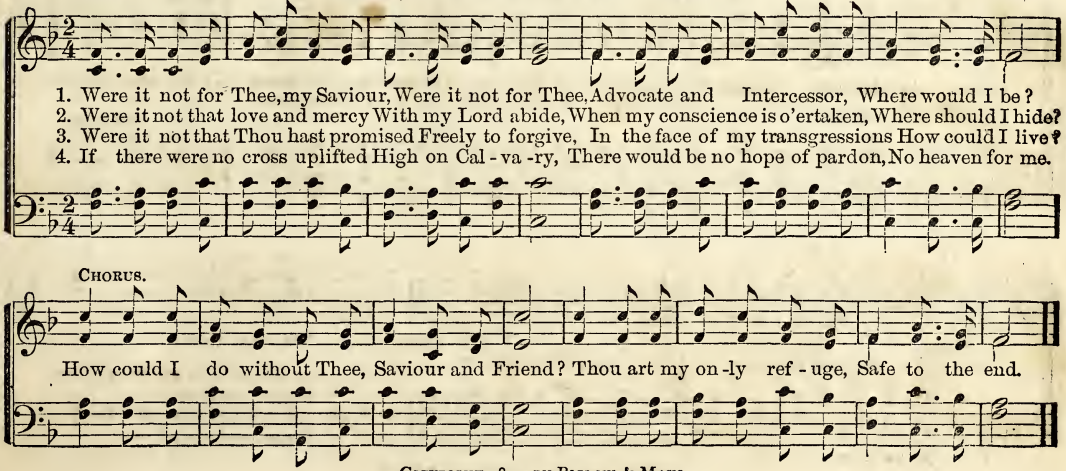


3 In that noon-tide of glory so fair,
In the gleam of the river of life,
There are joys that the faithful shall share;
O how sweetly they rest from the strife!

4 There the ransomed with Jesus abide
In the shade of the sheltering fold;
Ever more by Immanuel's side,
They shall dwell in the glory untold.

IN TIME OF NEED.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. "Find grace to help in time of need."—HEB. 4: 16. R. LOWRY



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Come, Come and See.

P. P. Bliss. "Philip saith unto him, Come and see."—John 1: 46. James McGranahan.

1. Hear the gos - pel in - vi - ta - tion, Come, come and see; Take a full and free sal - va - tion,
2. Come and see, 'tis Je - sus call - ing, Come, come and see; Come and see, the shades are fall-ing,

Chorus.

Come, come and see. Send a - broad the proc-la - ma - tion— Sing the song to ev - ery nation,
Come, come and see.

Je - sus Christ and His sal - va - tion; Come, come and see.

3 Ere the paths of life grow dreary,
Come, come and see;
Heavy laden, weak and weary,
Come, come and see.

4 We have found Him and the glory,
Come, come and see;
Come and help to sing the story,
Come, come and see.

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Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Pet. 1: 4.

Rev. Nathaniel Niles. P. P. Bliss.

1. Pre - cious promise God hath given To the wea - ry pass-er by, On the way from earth to
2. When temptations al - most win thee, And thy trusted watchers fly, Let this promise ring with-
3. When thy se - cret hopes have perished In the grave of years gone by, Let this promise still be
4. When the shades of life are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die, Hear thy trust - y Pi - lot

Refrain.

heav - en, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will
in thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
cherished, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
call - ing, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

guide thee with Mine eye; On the way from earth to heav - en, I will guide thee with Mine eye

By Permission.

WILL THE ANGELS COME?

FANNY J. CROSBY. "And was carried by the angels."—LUKE 16: 22. W. H. DOANE.

1. When I have finished my journey on earth, End - ed my la - bor of love, When I am
2. When I am breathing my lat - est fare-well, Part - ing from all that is dear, When on my
3. When, as I gaze from the threshold of time, Faint-er and faint-er the light, Soft - er and
4. Yes; they will come from the bright, sunny land, Come on their pinions so fair; Je - sus will

REFRAIN.

wait - ing for Je - sus to say, "Haste to thy mansion a - bove;" Will.... they
pil - low I wear - i - ly turn, Say, will the an - gels be near?
soft - er the voic - es I hear, Bid - ding my spir - it good night;
send them its glo - ry to tell, An - gels will car - ry me there. Will the an - gels

come?..... Will..... they come?..... Say, will the an - gels come, And to
joy-ful-ly come? Will the an - gels joy-ful - ly come?

Je - sus car - ry me home? Will ..... they come?..... Will.... they
Will the an - gels joy - ful - ly come? Will the an - gels

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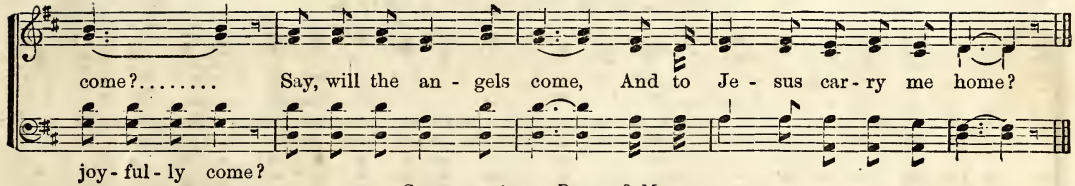

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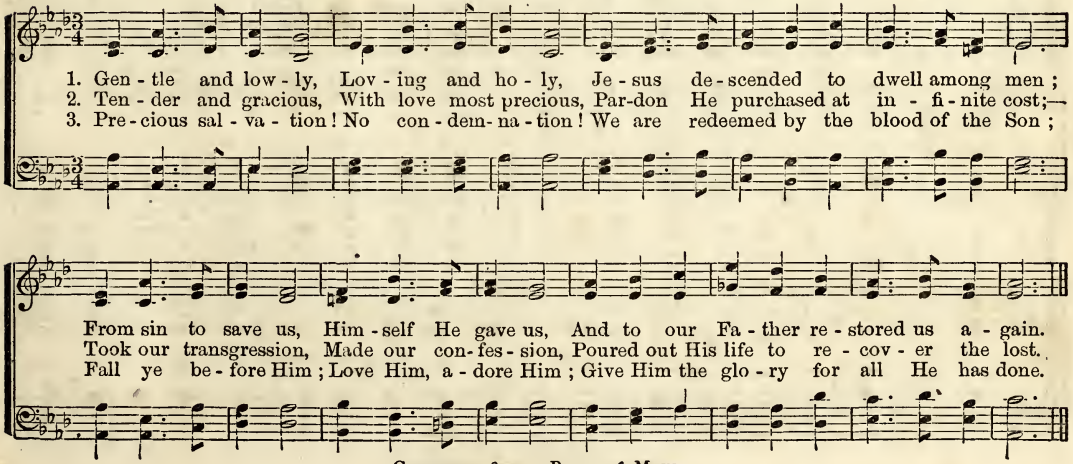
GENTLE AND LOWLY.

R. L. "Obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."—PHIL. 2: 8. R. LOWRY.



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Is Jesus able to Redeem?

Mrs. A. R. Cousin. "Come unto me all ye that labor."—Matt. 11 : 28. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Is Je - sus a - ble to re - deem A sin - ner lost, like me? My sins so great, so
2. Is Je - sus will - ing to for-give A reb - el child, like me? Who would not in His
3. Is Je - sus wait - ing to re - lieve A wan - der-er like me, Who chose the Fa - ther's
4. Is Je - sus read - y now to save A guilt - y one, like me, Who brought Him to the

Refrain.

ma - ny seem! O sin - ner, "come and see." The blood that Je - sus shed of old Was
fa - vor live? O reb - el, "come and see."
House to leave? O wand'rer, "come and see."
cross and grave? Come, guilty one, and see.

shed for you and me; And there is room with-in the fold— O "come to Him and see."

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Jesus Calls Thee.

Mrs. S. A. Collins. "I the Lord have called thee."—Isa. 42 : 6. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, gracious one, call - eth now to thee, "Come, O sin - ner, come!" Calls so ten - der - ly,
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading pa - tient-ly, Come, O come to Me!" "Heav- y - la - den one,
3. Weary, sin - sick soul, called so gracious - ly, Canst thou dare re - fuse? Mer - cy of - fered thee,

calls so lovingly, "*Now*, O sin - ner, come." Words of peace and blessing, Christ's own love confessing;
I thy grief have borne, "Come and rest in Me." Words with love o'er-flowing, Life and bliss bestowing;
free - ly, tenderly, Wilt thou still a - buse? Come, for time is fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing;

Refrain.

Hear the sweet voice of Jesus, Full, full of love; Calling tenderly, calling lovingly, "Come, O sinner, come."

By Permission.

Amazing Grace.

John Newton. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation."—Tit. 2: 11. R. Lowry.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved; How precious did that
3. Thro' ma - ny dangers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis grace has brought me

Chorus.

now am found; Was blind, but now I see. Oh, the grace, the precious grace, The grace that rescued me—
grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved!
safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

That wrote my pardon in the blood That flowed on Calva-ry!

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

By Permission.

Whom have I in Heaven?

F. J. C. "— none upon earth that I desire beside thee."—Ps. 73 : 25. W. F. Sherwin.

1. Whom have I in heav'n a - bove? On - ly Thee, my Sav - iour; Whom have I on earth to love?
2. Who has led me all my days? On - ly Thou, my Sav - iour; Who deserves my high - est praise?
3. Who my inmost tho'ts can read? On - ly Thou, my Sav - iour; Who for me doth in - ter - cede?

On - ly Thee, my Sav - iour; Who my wounded heart can heal, Who my ev - ery sor - row feel, Who the light of joy re - veal? On - ly Thou, my Sav - iour.
On - ly Thou, my Sav - iour; In my weak - ness who is strong, Who has loved and loved me long, Who should claim my no - blest song? On - ly Thou, my Sav - iour.
On - ly Thou, my Sav - iour; Who my se - cret tho'ts can know, Who such ten - der mer - cy show, Who can make me white as snow? On - ly Thou, my Sav - iour.

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All the Days.

Rev. W. F. Crafts. "Lo, I am with you all the days." (Literal translation.)—Matt. 28 : 20. R. Lowry.

1. The Lord, on sa - cred Ol - i - vet, In His dis - ci - ples ears, A promise, great and precious, breathes, To
2. He took Himself from human eyes That loved His presence well, In sweeter, clos - er fel - lowship With-
3. The Christ of Emmaus at our side The truth of God re - veals; Our eyes are holden, but our hearts His

Refrain.

quench their rising fears. Lo! I am with you all the days—The brightest days, the darkest days;
in their hearts to dwell.
gladdening presence feels.

I am with you all the days—The brightest, darkest, days.

4 When prosperous days would lead astray,
He points us to the skies;
In days of trial, as to Paul,
"Fear not, fear not," He cries.

5 A morning void of clouds shall dawn,
A day without a night,
An endless day with Christ the King,—
We'll walk with Him by sight.

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THE CROSS OF MY LORD.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

Rev. F. DENISON. W. H. DOANE.

1. All world-ly wealth compared with Thee, Dear Saviour, is but dross; O how my heart with
2. Lord, rule my heart and ev - ery thought; All to the cross be - long; My soul, by such a
3. The di - a - dems of earth are dross, The glo - ry of a day; But crowns for those who
4. Thou King of earth and King of heaven, Who bore the cross for me, Ac - cept my song and

REFRAIN.

rapture glows, While gazing on Thy cross. The cross of my Lord, The cross of my Lord, My
ransom bought, Will nev - er cease its song.
love Thy cross Shall nev - er fade a - way.
serv - ice giv'n For - ev - er more to Thee.

boast and my glory shall ev - er be; O there with patience I'll wait Thy call, And then go home with Thee.

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CAREFULLY, TEARFULLY.

Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD. "According to his mercy he saved us."—TIT. 3: 5. P. P. BLISS.

1. Care-ful - ly, tear - ful - ly will I draw nigh, Upward to Cal - va - ry lift - ing mine eye;
2. Care-ful - ly, tear - ful - ly will I draw nigh, Upward to Cal - va - ry lift - ing mine eye;
3. Care-ful - ly, tear - ful - ly will I draw nigh, Upward to Cal - va - ry lift - ing mine eye;

Mer - cy for all in the Saviour to see, Mer - cy a-bounding, a-bounding for me. There would I
Mer - cy for all in the Saviour to see, Mer - cy a-bounding, a-bounding for me. Beau - ti - ful
Mer - cy for all in the Saviour to see, Mer - cy a-bounding, a-bounding for me. Ma - ny the

see all the Fa-ther revealed, Faithful and true, all the promis - es sealed, Gift of all gifts, the most
feet on the mountain that bring Tidings, glad tidings from Is - ra - el's King, Peace and sal-va - tion, and
conflict thro' which He has pass'd, Ended His sor-row - ful journey at last; Wounded His head, and His

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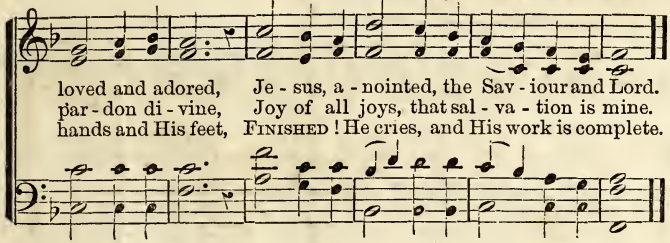
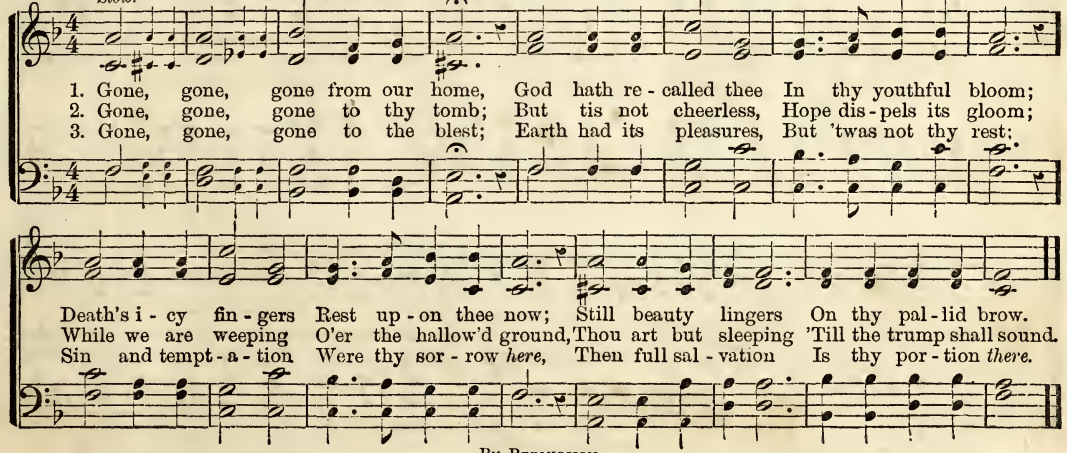


4 Carefully, tearfully will I draw nigh,
Upward to Calvary lifting mine eye ;
Mercy for all in the Saviour to see,
Mercy abounding, abounding for me.
Altar, and victim, and priest to atone,
Treading the wine-press of vengeance alone ;
Stained are His garments, with tears and with blood,
Jesus, Redeemer ! my Lord and my God.

REQUIEM.

H. R. P. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—REV. 14 : 13. H. R. PALMER

Slow.



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My Redeemer.

P. P. Bliss. "Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with his people."—Rom. 15: 10. James McGranahan.

1. I will sing of my Re - deemer And His wond'rous love to me; On the cru - el cross He
2. I will tell the wond'rous story, How, my lost es - tate to save, In His boundless love and

Chorus.

suf - fered, From the curse to set me free. Sing, oh! sing..... of my Re -
mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.

Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh!

deem - er, With His blood..... He purchased me,..... On the

sing of my Redeemer, With His blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me, On the

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My Redeemer. Concluded.

cross..... He sealed my par - don, Paid the debt,..... and

cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the debt, and made me free,

Repeat pp after last verse.

made me free.....

made me free, and made me free.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with Him to be.

Lord, Come Away!

P. P. Bliss. "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37. P. P. Bliss.

1. Hand and foot are weary, Brow and eye are weary, Heart and soul are weary: Lord, come a - way!
2. Years are swiftly fly - ing, Heaven and earth are sighing, And Thy church is crying: Lord, come a - way!

3 Might the right is wronging,
Sworded millions thronging,
Earth's misrule prolonging:
Lord, come away!

4 Lonely hearts are singing,
Loyal souls are clinging
To the hope upspringing:
Lord, come away!

5 Sounds the last long thunder,
Bursts the day of wonder,
Glory, gladness, yonder:
Lord, come away!

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Beyond the Cross.

P. P. Bliss. "Passed from death unto life."—John. 5 : 24. James McGranahan.

1. Look un - to me and be ye saved, I heard the Just One say; And as by faith on Him I gazed, My
2. By His atonement rec - onciled, My Father's face I see; The empty tomb now in - tervenes Be -
3. Oh, glorious height of vantage ground! Oh, blest victorious hour! In Him to trust and ful - ly know His

Chorus.

burden rolled a - way. I've passed the cross at Cal - va-ry, I'm on the Heaven side; The world is cruci-
tween the world and me.
res - ur - rection power.

fied to me, Since Christ my ransom died, The world is cru-ci-fied to me, Since Christ my ransom died.

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Blessed Cross of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. "Peace through the blood of his cross"—Col. 1: 20 Hubert P. Main.

Gently.

1. Wand'rer, come, there's room for thee At the cross of Je - sus; Come and taste sal - vation free
2. Come and bring thy bur - den now To the cross of Je - sus; Lay thy burning, throbbing brow

Chorus.

At the cross of Je - sus. Bless-ed cross! precious cross! There my hopes are twin - ing;
At the cross of Je - sus.

There I see a Father's love Thro' a Saviour shining.

3 O what comfort thou wilt find
At the cross of Jesus;
Love thy broken heart will bind
At the cross of Jesus.

4 See the crimson waters flow
At the cross of Jesus;
Come and tell thy every woe
At the cross of Jesus.

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SINKING OUT OF SELF.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS. "Crucified with Christ."—GAL. 2: 20. R. LOWRY.

1. Now cru - ci - fied with Christ I am, The self within is slain; But still I live, and yet not I—Christ
2. Dead to the world with sin I am, A - live to God a - lone; The life I have I live by faith In
3. The throne of self within my heart The King of saints doth fill; My spir-it crowns Him Lord of all, And
4. Here - af - ter "it is no more I" Nor "sin" that ruleth me; Reign, reign forev-er, blessed Christ, My

CHORUS.

lives in me a - gain. I am sinking out of self, out of self, in - to Christ, Sinking out of self in - to
God's be-lov - ed Son.
waits to do His will.
all I give to Thee.

Christ; I am sinking, sinking, sinking out of self, Sinking out of self in - to Christ.

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THE LORD IS ON MY SIDE.

MRS W. R. GRISWOLD ("Paulina"). Ps. 118: 6. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I know in whom I have believed, And bless Him for the trust That thrills my soul with
2. 'Tis sweet to rest up - on His love, And know, what-e'er be - fall, The lot is or - dered
3. Is there a shad - ow o'er the soul? He qui - ets all our fears; Is there a grief be -

grace received—The mer-ci - ful and just; There is no room for fear indeed, When to His cross al -
from a - bove By Him who cares for all; By Him who promis - es to be Our Saviour, Friend, and
yond con - trol? He wipes a - way our tears; So, gen - tly led by Him, thro' faith In promis - es ap -

lied, For in the Book of Life I read, "The Lord is on my side," "The Lord is on my side."
Guide—By Him who lived and died for me—"The Lord is on my side," "The Lord is on my side."
plied, Full well I know, in life or death, "The Lord is on my side," "The Lord is on my side."

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THE BLESSED FEAST.

F. J. C. "Come, for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14 : 17. W. H. DOANE.

1. Come, poor sin - ner, to the blessed, blessed feast, O hear the call— thy Saviour's call;
2. Art thou weary? would'st thou lay thy weight aside? Then rest thee here, the cross is near;
3. Hark, He bids thee to the crimson fountain go, It flows so free, so pure for thee;
4. Come to Je - sus, and thy burden He will bear, The feast is spread, lift up thy head;

Haste to meet Him, He will wel - come thee His guest, O re - joice, there's room for all.
See where Je - sus thy Re - deem - er bled and died, Come and taste His mer - cy here.
He will wash thee and will make thee white as snow, Thou His hap - py child shalt be.
Come, and rest thee in the Sav - iour's gen - tle care, By His love thou shalt be fed.

REFRAIN.

Who - so - ev - er will in that feast may share, In our Father's house there is bread to spare;

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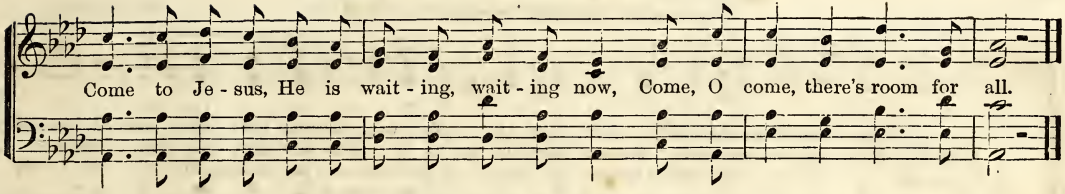
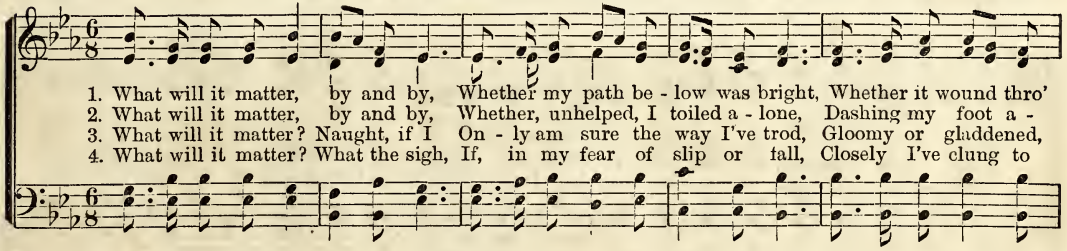
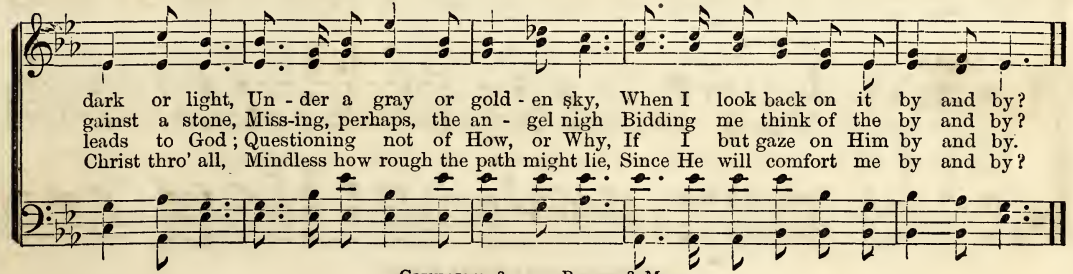


WHAT WILL IT MATTER.

ANON. "All things work together for good to them that love God."—ROM. 8 : 28. DANIEL G. NORRIS.





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HIDING IN THEE.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. "My strong rock, for a house of defence."—Ps. 31 : 2. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O safe to the Rock that is higher than I, My soul like a bird that is wounded would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Oh, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hour, In times when temptation casts o'er me its power; In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea, O blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe; How oft when my tri - als like bil - lows would roll, I have hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul!

REFRAIN.

Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

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No other name but Jesus.

Harry C. Ayer. "A name which is above every name."—Phil. 2: 9. W. H. Doane.

1. There is a name I love to hear, A name to me most sweet; It brings sal - va - tion
2. There is a name I love to speak, And thro' that name a - lone To God the Fa - ther

Refrain.

to the lost— Sal - va - tion full, com-plete. No other name but Je - sus, No other name for me; I
reconciled, I venture near the throne.

plead His per - fect sac - ri - fice, And ask no other plea.

3 There is a name I love to sing;
And while my song I raise,
I mount aloft on wings of faith—
My soul is lost in praise.

4 That name, the dearest and the best,
The name to mortals given,
Shall be the last I breathe on earth,
The first I breathe in heaven.

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More like Thee.

W. J. K. "We shall be like him."—1 John 3: 2. W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus, Saviour, great Example, Pattern of all pur - i - ty, I would follow in Thy footsteps, Daily
2. Lest I wander from Thy pathway, Or my feet move weari-ly, Saviour, take my hand and lead me, Keep me
3. When temptations fiercely lower, And my shrinking soul would flee, Change each weakness into power, [Keep me

Chorus.

grow - ing more like Thee. More like Thee, more like Thee; Saviour, this my constant prayer shall
steadfast: more like Thee.
spot-less: more like Thee.

More like Thee, more like Thee;

be,—Day by day, where'er I stay, Make me more and more like Thee.

4 When around me all is darkness,
And Thy beauties none may see,
May Thy beams, O Glorious Brightness,
In effulgence shine through me.

5 When death's cold, and chilling finger
Leaves its impress on my brow,
May Thy life, within me swelling,
Keep me singing then as now.

By Permission

Rest over Jordan.

F. J. V. A. "On the other side of Jordan."—Josh. 20: 8. W. H. Doane.

1. 'Tis a bless - ed hope, and it cheers my soul, I shall rest by and by o - ver Jor - dan;
2. 'Tis a bless - ed hope which my Saviour gives, I shall rest by and by o - ver Jor - dan;
3. With a stead - fast faith I will la - bor on, I shall rest, sweet-ly rest o - ver Jor - dan;

When my work is done and my crown is won, I shall rest, sweetly rest o - ver Jor - dan.
I shall see Him there in His mansion fair, When I rest, sweetly rest o - ver Jor - dan.
O what joy 'twill be the re - deemed to see, When I rest, sweetly rest o - ver Jor - dan.

Refrain.

O - ver Jor - dan, o - ver Jor - dan, I shall rest, Sweet-ly rest by and by; 'Tis a pre - cious hope, 'tis a bless - ed hope, I shall rest, sweet-ly rest o - ver Jor - dan.

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Another Year is Dawning.

Frances Ridley Havergal. "Lo, I am with you alway."—Matt. 28: 20. R. Lowry.

1. An - oth - er year is dawn-ing! Dear Master, let it be, In working and in waiting, An - oth - er year for Thee; An - oth - er year of lean - ing Up - on Thy loving breast; Of ev - er sweet con-fid - ing, Of qui - et, happy rest.

2. An - oth - er year of mer - cies, Of faithful-ness and grace; An - oth - er year of gladness—The shin - ing of Thy face; An - oth - er year of prog - ress, An - oth - er year of praise; An - oth - er year of prov-ing Thy presence "all the days."

3.
Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above;
Another year of dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

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He shall Feed His Flock.

Is. 40: 11.

Hubert P. Main.

Tenderly.

He shall feed His flock, He shall feed His flock, He shall feed His flock like a

shep - herd: And He shall gather the lambs with His arm: And He shall gather the

car - - ry them in His bo - - som.

lambs with His arm, And car - ry the lambs, and car - ry them in His bo - - som.

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LOVE OF JESUS.

W. S. "Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—GAL. 2 : 20. WM. STEVENSON.

1. Oh, the wondrous love of Je - sus! Theme immor - tal, ev - er new; Hosts a - bove its
2. Oh, the con - stant love of Je - sus! More than brother, more than friend; Ev - er pres - ent
3. Oh, the boundless love of Je - sus! Reaching all of hu - man kind; Bear - ing hope to
4. Oh, the pre - cious love of Je - sus! Rich - est boon to mor - tals given; Raise to Him our

REFRAIN. Sing, O sing,

praise are swelling, We would join the chorus too. We will sing, We will sing the
in our sor - row, Ev - er faithful to the end.
ev - ery na - tion, Peace to ev - ery troubled mind.
glad ho - san - nas, An - te - date the joy of heaven.

Sing, O sing,

love of Je - sus; We will sing, We will sing of Je - sus' love.

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JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

P. P. BLISS. "He first loved us."—1 JOHN 4: 19. P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heaven Tells of His love in the Book He has given;
Wonder-ful things in the Bi-ble I see, This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me; I am so glad that

Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Kindly He follows wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!

BY PERMISSION.

Because He loved Me so.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. 8: 35.

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. Geo. F. Root.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell, How once the King of
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and
3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet - est songs I'll raise, And though I can not

Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell; I am both weak and sin - ful, But
ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to fol - low His
see Him, I know He hears my praise; For He has kind - ly prom-ised That

this I sure - ly know, The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
foot - steps here be - low, He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loves me so.
I shall sure - ly go To sing a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loves me so.

By Permission.

YES, HE LOVES ME.

S. W. "Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—GAL. 2: 20. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Je - sus loves me, and I know I love Him; Love brought Him down my poor soul to re - deem;
2. If one should ask of me how I can tell, Glo - ry to Je - sus! I know ver - y well;
3. In this as - sur - ance I find sweetest rest, Trust - ing in Je - sus, I know I am blest;

Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree: Oh, I am cer - tain that Je - sus loves me!
God's Ho - ly Spir - it with mine doth a - gree, Con - stant - ly wit - ness - ing—Je - sus loves me.
Sa - tan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee When I just tell him that Je - sus loves me.

CHORUS.

Yes! He loves me, His will I be; Oh! I am cer - tain that Je - sus loves me;

Yes! He loves me, His will I be; Oh! I am cer - tain that Je - sus loves me.

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Is it in Me?

P. P. Bliss. "The troubler of Israel, who transgressed in the thing accursed."—1 Ch. 2: 7. P. P. Bliss.

1. There's sin in the camp, there is treason to - day! Is it in me? Is it in me? There's cause in our ranks for de - feat and de - lay; Is it, O Lord, in me? Something of self - ishness, garments or gold, Something of hindrance in young or in old, Something why God doth His
2. I come in my need to the life-giv - ing Word; Is it for me? Is it for me? By faith in its pow'r let my soul be restored; Is it, O Lord, for me? Par - don and pu - ri - ty Je - sus will give, Life ev - er - last - ing to all who be - lieve, Oh, that His pow'r I may
3. There's peace in be - liev - ing, what-ev - er be - tides; Is it for me? Is it for me? There's rest to the soul that in Je - sus a - bides; Is it, O Lord, for me? Sure-ly the work of re - demption is done, Sure-ly the Fa - ther is pleased with the Son, Sure - ly the saved and the.

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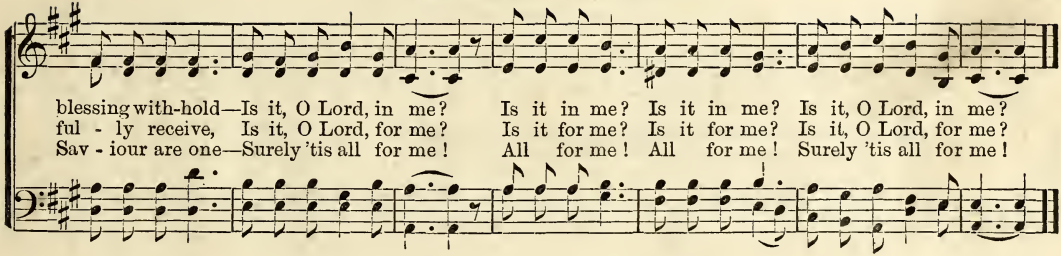
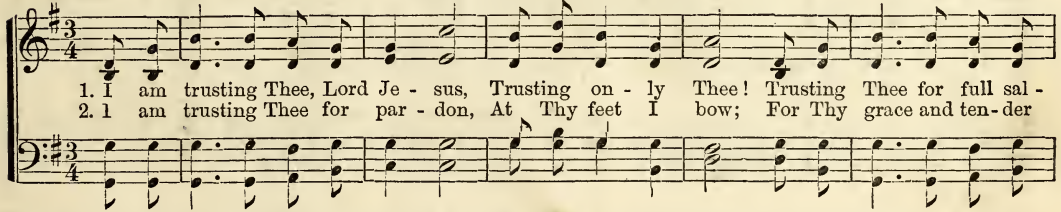
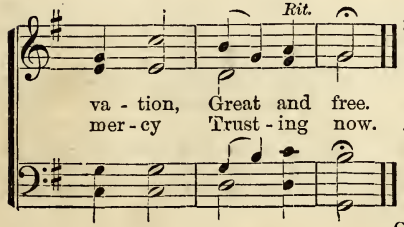
Is it in Me? Concluded.



I am trusting Thee.

Anon. "Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7. Ira D. Sankey.





3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power;
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt [give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee forever
And for all!

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In the Harbor.

Anon. "He shall enter into peace."—Is. 57 : 2. Geo. H. Throop.

1. In the harbor safe at home, Zi - on's stately ship shall come, And her crew shall proudly tell
2. In the harbor safe at home, Zi - on's stately ship shall come; From the tropics fair and warm,

Dangers she has braved so well; Nev-er more to tempt the wave, Nev-er more the storm to brave,
From the Arc - tic ice and storm, O - cean isles and froz - en Poles, With her priceless freight of souls,

Safe from rock and breaker's crest, Anchored in e - ter - nal rest.
Shall we find the promised rest In the ha - ven of the blest.

3.
Courage, then, ye faithful few!
Weary, weather-beaten crew;
Let no hardships be compared
With the exceeding great reward;
Soon life's tempest will be o'er—
Lo! we near the heavenly shore!
And, o'er troubled waves, afar
Gleameth Bethlehem's welcome star!

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THE MORNING LAND.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "And there shall be no night there."—REV. 22 : 5. W. H. DOANE.

1. O how light to the soul are its cross - es, And how eas - y our burdens to bear,
2. O how light to the soul are its cross - es, And the con - flicts and tri - als we meet;
3. O how light to the soul are its cross - es, O the mer - cy of Je - sus, our friend!

When we think of that land o - ver Jor - dan, And the joy that will crown us there.
We shall soon lay them down o - ver Jor - dan, We shall lay them at Je - sus' feet.
We will praise Him for all o - ver Jor - dan, In our beau - ti - ful home be - yond.

REFRAIN.

O the bright morning land, The dear morning land, The land where all sor - row is o'er!

We shall sit beneath the ray of a gold - en summer day, Where the shadows will return no more.

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WORKERS FOR JESUS.

W. S. "The night cometh, when no man can work."—JOHN 9: 4. WM. STEVENSON.

1. Workers for Je - sus, a - rouse you, La - bor while yet it is day; Soon may the night gather round you, Swiftly the hours pass a - way; Earnest - ly work then for Je - sus, Urg - ing poor sin - ners to come; He will re - ceive the most worthless, Pardon the guilt - i - est one.

2. Zealous - ly work for the Mas - ter, Care not what i - dlers may say; Some may u - nite to op - pose you, Oth - ers fall out by the way; Stand in the pathway of du - ty, Je - sus will ev - er be near; With His strong arms round a - bout you, You can have nothing to fear.

3. When all your la - bor is end - ed, Je - sus will speak the glad word: Servants so good and so faith - ful, En - ter the joy of your Lord; There, with the blessed in glo - ry, Work - ers will stand near the throne; There, where there's rest for the wea - ry, Resting for - ev - er at home.

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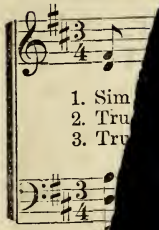
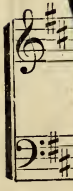
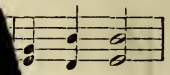
F. J. C.

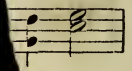


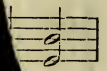


R. Lowry.



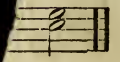
y my fears,
l feelings too,
ercy's cry;
e has done;





me;

me.



THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. "I will give of the fountain of life freely."—REV. 21: 6. W. H. DOANE.

1. Lo! an ev - er flowing fountain, Life and joy up - on its tide, Making green the ar - id
2. He in - vites us to this fountain, He is read - y life to give; Who-so - ev - er will may
3. Oh, this precious, liv-ing fountain Of our Lord's un-dy-ing love! I would hold it as my

des - ert, Spreading bless - ing far and wide! Full, a - bundant is the meas - ure,
take it, Who - so - ev - er will may live! I will heed His kind en - treat - ing,
treas - ure, And its con - stant sweet-ness prove; I would nev - er, nev - er wan - der

Pre - cious gift, so pure and free; Je - sus gave it— I may take it, And for-ev - er hap - py be!
I will yield to Him to - day; I am sure that He'll re - ceive me, No one yet was turned a-way.
In - to des - ert plac - es wild; I would list - en while He calls me, I would ev - er be His child.

BY PERMISSION.

Out of Bondage.

Fanny J. Crosby. "The Lord shall give thee rest from the hard bondage."—Isa. 14 : 3. W. H. Doane.

1. A-rise, come ye forth, and forev - er break the chain That long had oppress'd you with sorrow and pain;
2. A-rise, come ye forth; will ye spend your life for naught, When Jesus who loves you a ransom has bought?
3. A-rise, come ye forth, and be slaves to sin no more, How oft your De - liv-'rer has called you be - fore;

Arise, come ye forth, hear the blessed Lord's command, And He himself will guide you with a strong, strong hand.
The price of His blood, O receive it while you may; Behold the promised time is now; O come a - way.
Come forth from your bonds, and your liberty receive, Your willing hearts to Je - sus give; re-pent, be-lieve.

Refrain.

Come forth, come forth, and shout the ju -bilee, Come forth, come forth, the Lord will make you free; Come

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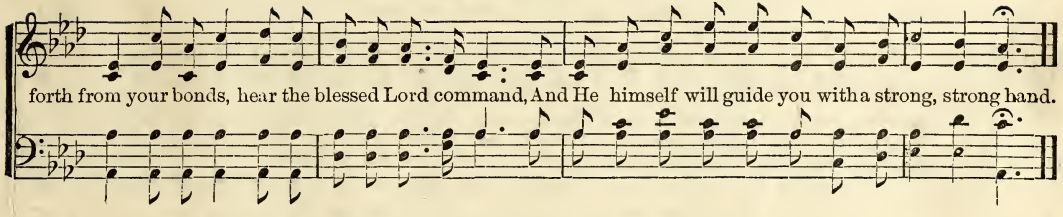
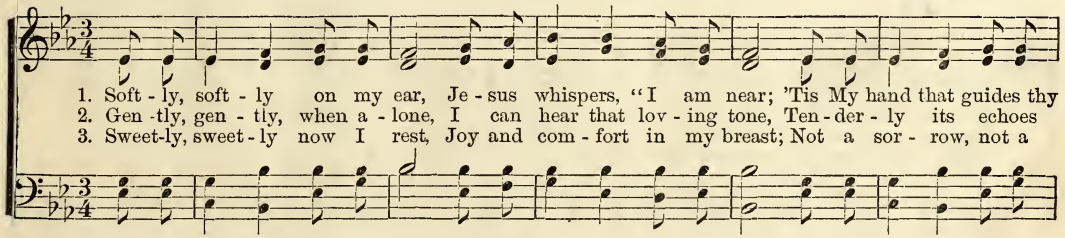
Out of Bondage. Concluded.



Softly, Softly on My Ear.

Fanny J. Crosby. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. 13: 5. Hubert P. Main.



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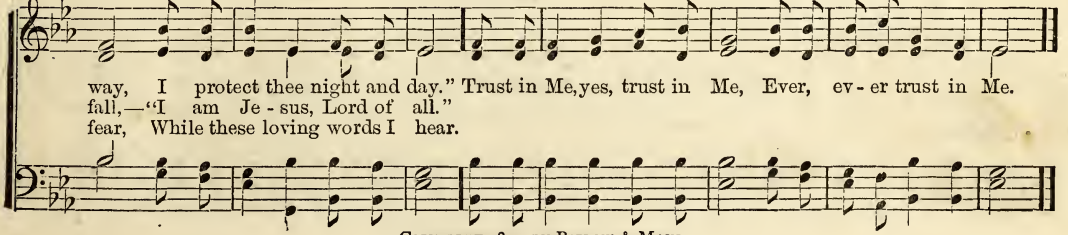

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Peace in Jesus.

Rev. A. Kenyon. "My peace I give unto you."—John 14: 27. R. Lowry.

1. O the peace that in Je - sus I find! How it cheers me a - mid all my care; It is sweet to the
2. Yes, I know that my Saviour is mine, That He nev-er will leave me to die; Tho' in weakness I
3. By His Spir - it He dwells with me now, And His voice is so gen - tle and still; As before Him in
4. Then still nearer to Him may I live; More and more of His love, is my prayer; Every blessing I

Refrain.

sor - row - ing mind, In this precious sal - va - tion to share. O the peace, O the peace That my
oft - en re - pine, He will fill all my soul by and by.
worship I bow, It is sweet to submit to His will.
need will He give, And re - ceive me at home o - ver there

m

sweet peace, sweet peace,

p *pp* *m*

Saviour has given to me! O the peace, O the peace That my Saviour has given to me!

sweet peace, sweet peace, sweet peace,

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TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

HENRY ALFORD, D. D. "The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."—REV. 5: 11. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Ten thousand times ten thou - sand, In sparkling raiment bright, The ar - mies of the
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky! What ring - ing of a
3. O, then what rap - tured greet - ings On Canaan's hap - py shore! What knit - ting sev - ered

ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light; 'Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and
thousand harps Bespeaks the tri - umph nigh! O day of which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were
friendships up, Where partings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimm'd with tears of

REFRAIN.

sin; Fling o - pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic - tors in. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
made! O joy, for all its for - mer woes A thousand-fold re - paid!
late; Orphans no long - er fa - therless, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.

lu - jah to the Lamb who once was slain! Halle - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to Him who lives a - gain!

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Come, great Deliverer, Come.

Fanny J. Crosby. "Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17. W. H. Doane.

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; My soul bowed down is
2. I have no place, no shel - ter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; One look from Thee would
3. My path is lone, and wea - ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; Mine eyes look up Thy
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; Re - gard my prayer, and

Refrain.

longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come. I've wandered far a - way o'er mountains cold, I've
give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
lov - ing smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

wandered far away from home; O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

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God is Love.

P. P. Bliss, finished by Paulina. "The God of love shall be with you."—2 Cor. 13: 11. P. P. Bliss.

1. What sound is this? a song thro' heav'n resounding: "God is love, God is love;" And now from earth I
2. 'Tis fit - ting earth should echo the sweet story, God is love, God is love; We learn it here, to
3. Be - lov - ed, let us wake the blissful chorus, God is love, God is love; And sing, as all the

hear the sound re - bounding, God is love, God is love; Yes, while a - dor - ing hosts proclaim, "Love
sing for aye in glo - ry, God is love, God is love; The strain a - woke when starry beam So
saints have sung be - fore us, God is love, God is love; And while the blest refrain shall ring On

is His na - ture, Love His name," My soul in rapture cries the same: "God is love!"
soft - ly fell o'er Bethlehem's dream, And this shall be my song and theme: "God is love!"
to the home of Christ our King, Our hearts' thanksgiving let us bring, "God is love!"

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SITTING BY THE WAY-SIDE.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me."—MARK 10 : 47. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sit - ting by the way - side, sin - ful, weak and blind, Waiting in my darkness for the day,
2. Long in darkness wait-ing, wea - ry, sad and lone, How I long Thy glorious face to see!
3. Wea - ry with my blindness, waiting all the day, Wea - ry with my sor - row and my pain,
4. Sit - ting by the way - side, sin - ful, weak and blind, Is there, is there hope for one like me?

O Thou Saviour, Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and kind, Hear me now and take my sins a - way.
O Thou blessed Je - sus, make me all Thine own; Speak the word and Thou canst set me free.
O Thou Son of Da - vid! pass me not I pray, Leave me not in hopeless night a - gain.
Something seems to whisper in my darkened mind, Christ has power to set the sin - ner free.

REFRAIN.

No one knows my sor - row, no one cares for me, Waiting in the darkness for the day;

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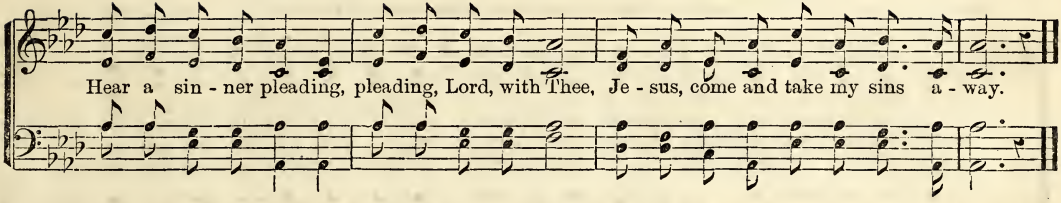
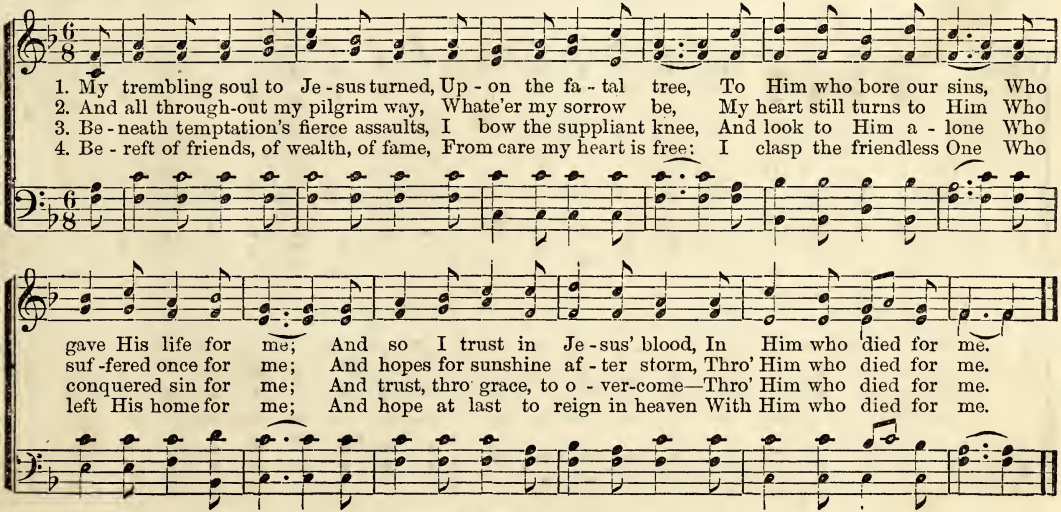


LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Prof. J. H. GILMORE. "——the author and finisher of our faith."—HEB. 12: 2. R. LOWRY.



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I Trust, O Lord, in Thee.

P. P. Bliss. "How can I, except some man should guide me?"—Acts 8 : 31. J. R. Murray.

Earnestly.

1. I do believe that Je - sus died To save a world from woe, That on the cross the cru-ci-fied His
2. I asked a lit - tle child, her face With angel light a - glow, How she obtained for - giving grace, That
3. I would see Je - sus, sir, said I, To one in man-hood's prime, For refuge to the rock would fly In

mighty love did show; I do believe Thy gos - pel true, Would come at God's command; But
I her joy might know; A look she gave of sad surprise—That I should doubting be; While
the ac - cept - ed time; Tell me, for I would come to - day, Show me the way, and how; He

how to come, or what to do, I can not un - der - stand, But how to come, or
tear - drops filled her wond'ring eyes, She an - swered "He loves me," While tear-drops filled her
read the words "I am the way," And said, "Just trust Him now," He read the words "I

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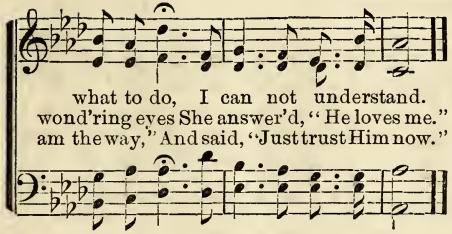


4.

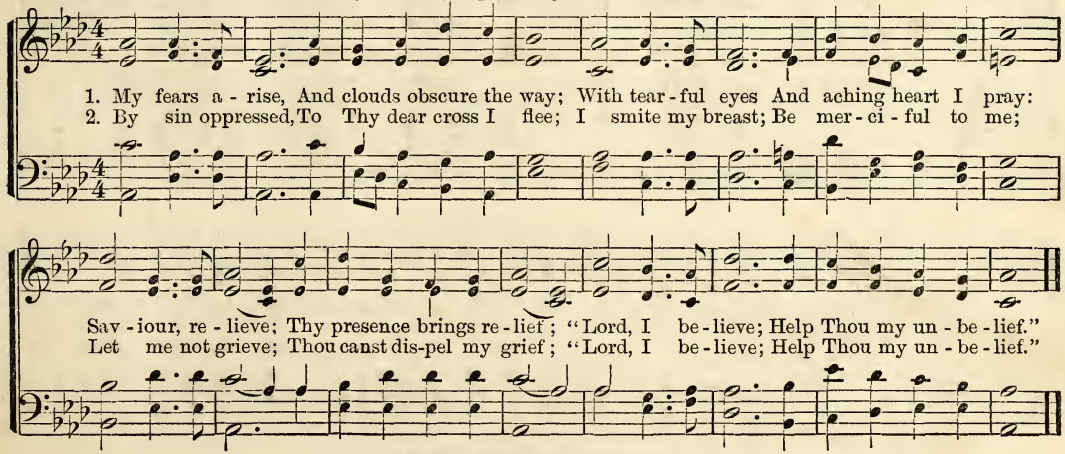
Dear aged pilgrim, drawing near
To death's dark, shadowy vale,
How dost thou "read thy title clear?"
Does saving grace avail?
He answered as he neared the shore,
And earth's lights grew more dim,
||: Forever and forever-more
I rest it all in Him. :||

5.

Jesus, Thou Son of God, to Thee
I breathe this prayer sincere:
Thine, Thine forever would I be,
O save me now and here;
It was Thy plan and not my own
That Thou shouldst die for me;
||: Thine is the power, and Thine alone,
I trust, O Lord, in Thee. :||

I BELIEVE.

P. P. BLISS. "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief."—MARK 9: 24. R. LOWRY.



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Our Festive Song.

Fanny J. Crosby. "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."—Ps. 65 : 11. W. H. Doane.

1. We welcome with de - light An - oth - er hap - py day, Our hearts like mer-ry bells Ring out their
2. Cold winter flies a - way, The blushing, fair - y spring Comes tripping o'er the lea, While birds are

sil - ver lay; We catch the ros - y beams Re - flect-ed from the eye Of Him whose wonders
on the wing; And now, a mer - ry throng, We come as glad as they; Our banners wav - ing

D. S. *We thank His ho - ly name For all His ten - der care, We praise Him for the*

Fine. Refrain.

fill the earth, Whose glory fills the sky. An - oth - er year has gone, An - other year begun; To
in the air, We hail our fes - tive day.

Sunday School, And faithful teachers there.

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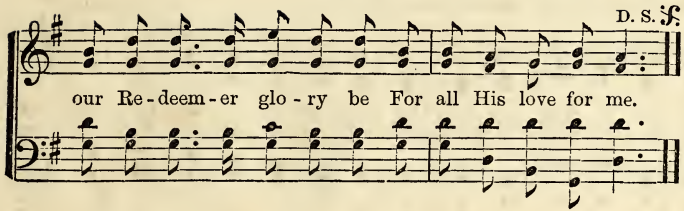
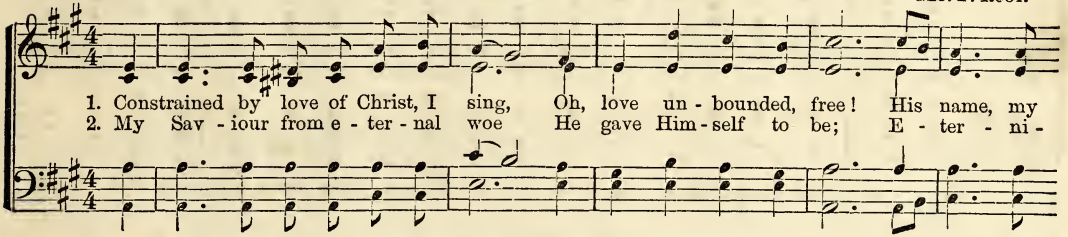
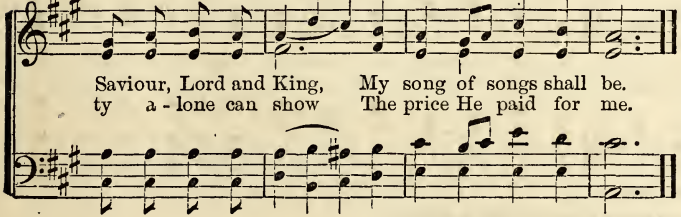


3 The strait and narrow path
O may we early find,
And try to serve the Lord
With heart, and soul, and mind;
O what a happy day,
And one that ne'er shall end,
In that bright world where angels sing,
We all with Him may spend!

CONSTRAINED BY LOVE.

P. P. BLISS. "The love of Christ constraineth."—2 COR. 5: 14. GEO. F. ROOT.





3 My risen Lord, a precious name!
I long have loved it well;
But His eternal love for me
Is more than tongue can tell.

4 My heavenly King before the throne,
I in His name appear;
My pray'rs He hears, my name will own,
My song He loves to hear.

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THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

P. P. BLISS. "And the three hundred blew the trumpets."—JUDGES 7: 22. P. P. BLISS.

1. It was midnight in the val - ley, and the camp was dark and still, Where the slumb'ring host of
2. Where the faint and fear-ful thousands had returned at God's command, By the chos - en few and
3. Christian soldiers, be not fear-ful; on - ward with your Captain go; Ev - er "looking un - to

Mid - ian lay a - long the slop - ing hill, When a blind-ing flash of torch - es, and a
faith - ful, vic - t'ry came to Gideon's band; Hear them giv - ing God the glo - ry, as a -
Je - sus," you shall con - quer ev - 'ry foe; He hath triumph'd—take your trumpets, let the

CHORUS.

trump - et loud and shrill, Threw out the Battle Cry: Blow ye the trumpet, for the Lord hath made us free; Your
round the camp they stand And shout their Battle Cry:
world your vic - t'ry know; Sing loud your Battle Cry:

blazing lamps raise high! "The Sword of the Lord and of Gid - e-on," shall be Our conqu'ring Bat-tle Cry.

raise high!

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Round the Cross.

F. J. C. "Jesus Christ, and him crucified."—1 Cor. 2: 2. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. On - ly trust - ing in my Saviour, All to Him my soul would leave: He has suf - fered
2. On - ly trust - ing, nothing doubting, This is all that I can do; Ev - ery tri - al
3. There are break - ers in the distance, Yet no dan - ger will I fear; On the Rock my
4. On - ly trust - ing, on - ly trusting, This is joy and life to me; Thou wilt nev - er

Refrain.

to redeem me, And His word I now be - lieve. Round the cross my faith is twin-ing,
that be-falls me He will safe - ly bring me thro'.
feet are rest - ing, Naught of harm can reach me here.
leave me friendless While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.

Round the cross my arms I throw; Heeding not the clouds above me, Dreading not the waves below.

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Is it Well with Thee.

Mrs. F. J. V. A — "Is it well with thee?"—2 Kings 4: 26. — W. H. Doane.

1. Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee? Hast thou felt the precious cleansing blood?
2. Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee? Hast thou laid thy ev - ery weight a - side?
3. Are thy feet made fast on the sol - id rock, On the rock that nev - er shall re - move;
4. Is it well with thee? O re - joice in hope; Let thy soul with fer - vent rap - ture swell,

Art thou jus - ti - fied by a liv - ing faith? Hast thou peace and fel - lowship with God?
Art thou leav - ing all for thy Mas - ter's sake? To the world wilt thou be cru - ci - fied?
Canst thou turn from self to the crim - son cross, And be lost to all but Je - sus' love?
If, be - fore thy God, from the in - most heart, Thou canst tru - ly answer, All is well.

Refrain.

Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee? Hast thou laid up thy treasure a - bove?
With the eye of faith dost thou clear - ly see? Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee?

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THERE'S A CITY OF LIGHT.

W. S. "There shall be no night there."—REV. 21 : 25. WM. STEVENSON.

1. There's a cit - y of light, Where no shadow of night Ev - er falls on its streets made of gold;
2. There the glo - ri - fied throng Sing the new - ly made song, Ev - er prais-ing the Lamb that was slain;
3. To that home in the skies, With glad songs we shall rise, There to bathe in its sun - light of love;

For no storms ev - er rise In those heav-en - ly skies, And no clouds dim its glo - ries un - told.
While the an - gels of light Harps and voic-es u - nite In re - peat-ing the rap - turous strain.
With dear friends gone before We shall dwell ev - er - more In those mansions of glo - ry a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh! we all may meet there, And its glo - ries may share, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y a - bove;

Oh! we all may meet there, And its glo - ries may share, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty a - bove.

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WE'LL MEET EACH OTHER THERE.

R. L. "So shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 THESS. 4 : 17. R. LOWRY.

1. Soon will come the set - ting sun, When our work will all be done, And the
2. Deep the shad - ows in the vale, Fierce the howl - ing of the gale, Long and
3. Flood the heart with part - ing tears, Frost the head with pass - ing years, Min - gle

wea - ry heart at last be still; But the Lord, with lov-ing cry, Will a - wake us by and by,
dark the storm around our door; But the Lord will make a way To the shin-ing realms of day,
want and woe togeth - er here; But the Lord at length will come, In His love to take us home,

REFRAIN.

And we'll meet a - gain on Zi - on's hill. We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes, we'll
With the shad - ow and the storm no more.
And we'll nev - er know a sor - row there.

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WE'LL MEET EACH OTHER THERE. Concluded.

meet each oth - er there, And the Saviour's presence share When we meet each oth - er there; We'll

meet each oth - er there, Yes, we'll meet each other there, And a crown of glo - ry we shall wear.

crown, a crown of glory we shall wear.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep."—PSA. 4: 8. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Tenderly.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet repose, With Thy tend'rest blessing May our eyelids close.
3. Grant to lit - tle children Visions bright of Thee, Guard the sailors tossing On the deep blue sea.
4. Thro' the long night-watches May Thine angels spread Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed.
5. When the morning wakens, Then may I a - rise Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy Holy Eyes.

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Leaning on Thee alone

"Claribel." "Help thou me."—Ps. 119: 86. T. C. O'Kane.

Gently.

1. Lean - ing on Thee, my Guide and Friend, My gra - cious Sav - iour, I am blest; Tho'
2. Lean - ing on Thee with child-like faith, To Thee the fu - ture I con - fide; Each
3. Lean - ing on Thee, tho' faint and weak, Too weak an - oth - er voice to hear, Thy
4. Lean - ing on Thee, no fear a - larms; Al - though I stand on death's dark brink, I'll

Refrain.

wea - ry, Thou dost con - de - scend To be my rest. Leaning on Thee, Leaning on Thee,
step of life's un - trod-den path Thy love shall guide.
heavenly ac - cents comfort speak, "Be of good cheer."
feel the ev - er - last - ing arms, I will not sink.

Je - sus, on Thee a - lone; Leaning on Thee, Leaning on Thee, On Thee.... a - lone.

Still I'm

By Permission.

My Refuge.

P. P. Bliss. "Your refuge from the avenger of blood."—Josh. 20: 3. P. P. Bliss.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, Saviour, to Thy side From th' aveng-er I would flee; Let me safe-ly there a - bide, Let thy grace my Ref - uge be. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee, in Thee, in Thee, Let me hide myself in Thee, in Thee, in Thee, Let me hide myself in Thee.
2. Whereso - e'er my tent I spread There will I Thy name make known; Is - rael, by one Shepherd led, Ev - er - more in Him are one.
3. To Thy lov - ing side each hour, Close and clos - er would I cling; Shielded by Thy might-y power, Trustful ev - er, may I sing.

Chorus.

in Thee, in Thee, in Thee, in Thee, in Thee, in Thee.

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I Love to Hear of Jesus.

Rev. T. L. Baily. "And preached unto him Jesus."—Acts 8: 35. R. Lowry.

1. Come, talk to me of Je - sus, That lov - ing friend divine; For what on earth so precious To this lone heart of mine? And if a - mid the care - less My feet be - gin to rove, Then talk to me of Je - sus, And tell me of His love.
2. Come, sing to me of Je - sus, When life is ebb - ing fast, And all its joys and sorrows Will soon be o - ver - past; When, with their beams of glo - ry, The heav'ns shall glow a - bove, Then sing to me of Je - sus, And tell me of His love.
3. Be - fore the throne of Je-sus, Where saints in glo - ry stand, To tell redemption's sto - ry I'll join the cho - ral band; And with the sweetest mu - sic That ev - er heart can move, Oh, then I'll sing of Je - sus, And praise Him for His love.

Refrain.

I love to hear of Je - sus, I

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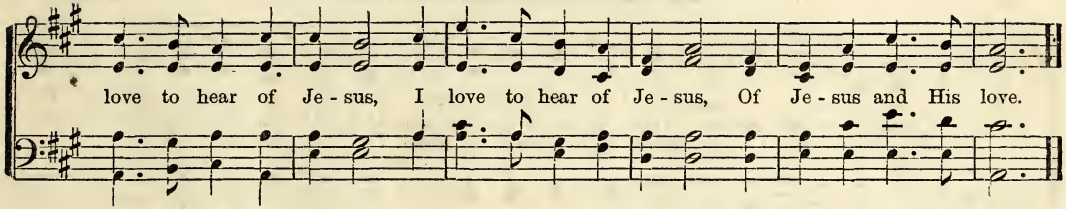

NEARER TO ME.

P. P. BLISS. "He shall cover thee."—Ps. 91: 4. P. P. BLISS.

Andante.

1. Be near, O God, to me, Near-er to me; So shall I tru - ly be "Near-er to Thee."
2. Fold me be - neath Thy wing, Sav - iour di - vine; There may I sweet - ly sing, "Je - sus is mine."
3. Thy hand, in youth's wild way, Did me up - hold; For-sake me not, I pray, When I am old;

Thy face I can not see, Still be Thou near to me, Nearer, O God, to me, Nearer to me.
O'er all life's stormy sea, My guide and ha - ven be, Nearer, O God, to me, Nearer to me.
I put my trust in Thee, Now and e - ter - nal - ly, Be near, O God, to me, Nearer to me.

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My Soul will Overcome.

R. L. "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 12: 11. R. Lowry.

1. Helpless I come to Je - sus' blood, And all my - self re - sign; I lose my weak - ness
2. 'Tis Je - sus gives me life with - in, And nerves me for the fray; He spoiled the hosts of
3. Tho' clouds of con - flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong, In Je - sus' name I'll

in that flood, And gath - er strength di - vine. My soul will o - ver - come by the
death and sin, And took their pow'r a - way.
strug - gle thro', And en - ter heav'n with song.

Refrain.

blood of the Lamb, My soul will o - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb; O - ver -

come, o - ver - come, O - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb.

O - ver - come, My soul will o - ver - come,

By Permission.

WHY WAITEST THOU?

HARRY C. AYERS. "Behold I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20. W. H. DOANE.

1. One there is who loves thee, Waiting still for thee; Canst Thou yet re-ject Him? None so kind as He.
2. Ten - der-ly He wooes thee, Do not slight His call; Tho' thy sins are ma - ny, He'll forgive them all.
3. Je - sus still is wait-ing; Sinner, why de - lay? To His arms of mer - cy Rise and haste a - way.

Do not grieve Him longer, Come and trust Him now; He has waited all thy days, Why waitest thou?
Turn to Him re - penting, He will cleanse thee now; He is waiting at thy heart, Why waitest thou?
On - ly come believ - ing, He will save thee now; He is waiting at the door, Why waitest thou?

REFRAIN.

Still His love would save thee, O receive Him now; He has waited all the day, Why waitest thou?

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THE GOOD NEWS.

P. P. BLISS. "These little ones which believe on me."—MATT. 18: 6. H. R. PALMER.

1. I've heard the good news in the Gos - pel, It makes me so hap - py and free,— That Je - sus re - members the chil - dren; I know He will care for me. I know He will care for me, for me, I
2. Sometimes when I walk in the dark - ness, My path - way I hard - ly can see; But trusting "Our Fa - ther in Heav - en," I know He will choose for me. I know He will choose for me, for me, I
3. He tells me that soon I shall see Him, I won - der how long it will be; He's gone to pre - pare me a man - sion; I know He will come for me. I know he will come for me, for me, I

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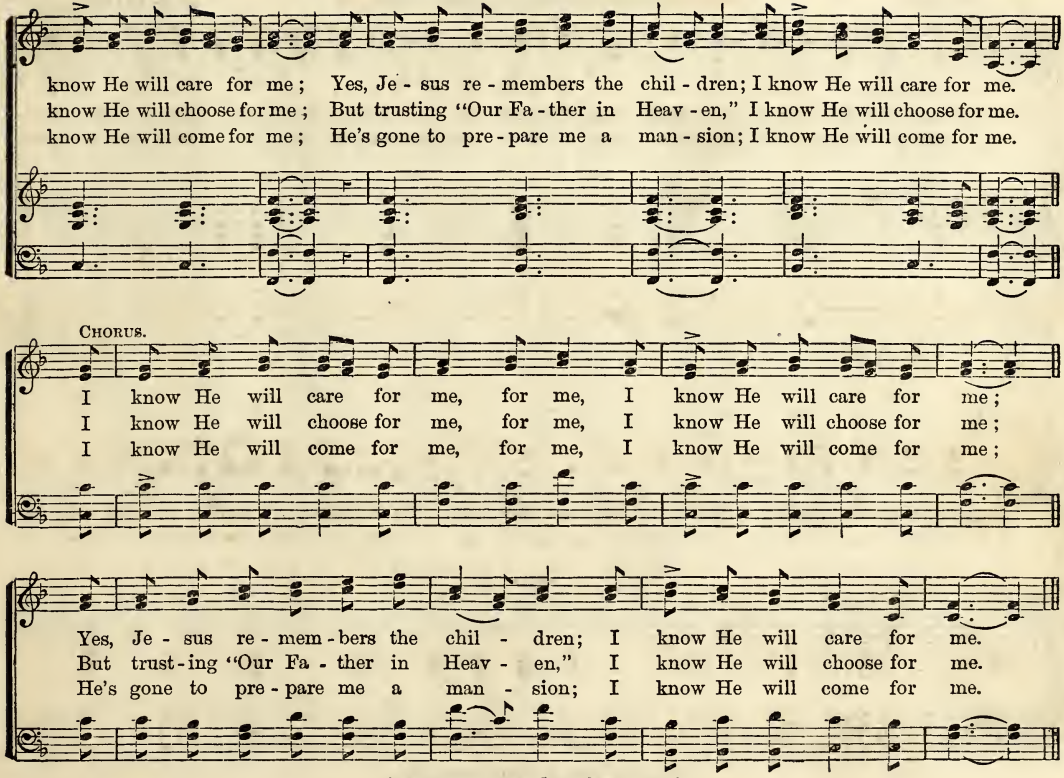

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TELL ME MORE ABOUT JESUS.

P. P. BLISS. "The chiefest among ten thousand."—CANT. 5: 10. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis known on earth and heaven too, 'Tis sweet to me be - cause 'tis true; The old, old sto - ry
2. Earth's fairest flow'rs will droop and die, Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky, Life's dearest joys flit
3. When o - verwhelmed with un-be - lief, When burdened with a blinding grief, Come kindly then to
4. And when the glo - ry - land I see, And take the place pre-pared for me, Thro' endless years my

CHORUS.

is e'er new; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus. Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, Tell me more a - bout
fleet - est by; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
my re - lief; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
song shall be, Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.

Je - sus; Him would I know who loved me so; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.

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One Blessed Hour with Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. "At the hour of prayer."—Acts 3 : 1. W. H. Doane.

1. One blessed hour with Jesus our Lord, One blessed hour to feast on His word; One blessed hour with
2. One blessed hour with Jesus to plead, One blessed hour to tell Him our need; One blessed hour re -
3. One blessed hour from la - bor to rest, One blessed hour to lean on His breast; Loving and loved, His
4. One blessed hour with Jesus our King, One blessed hour to speak and to sing; One blessed hour with

Refrain.

Je - sus a - part, One blessed hour to calm the troubled heart. One sweet hour of ho - ly, calm de-light,
freshing and sweet, One blessed hour to sit at Je - sus' feet.
fa - vor to share, One blessed hour of soul re - viv - ing prayer.
Je - sus, how dear! Surely 'tis Heav'n, and Heav'n itself is here.

One sweet hour of tender, melt - ing love; One sweet hour, O precious Saviour, One sweet hour with Thee.

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PAUL AND SILAS.

P. P. BLISS. "Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God."—ACTS 16 : 25. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Night has fall - en on the cit - y, And the streets at last are still, Where the noisy crowd, un-ceas - ing,
2. Ma - ny stripes to them were given; Ma - ny curs - es on them cast; Ma - ny bolts and bars surround them,
3. Hark, the sighing of the prisoners, Hear their moanings loud and long! No, again, and loud-er, clear-er,

Did the air with shoutings fill; And the wea - ry, way-worn trav'lers, Preaching Je - sus thro' the land,
In the stocks their feet are fast; While the cru - el, Roman jail - or, All se - cure - ly sleeping on,
'Tis the voice of prayer and song! See, the prison walls are shaking, And the door wide o - pen stands!

Are in deepest dungeon darkness, By the mag-is-trate's command.
Little dreams the mighty wonders Of the morrow's ear - ly dawn.
Lo, be - hold the earth is quaking, Loosed are every prisoner's bands!

4 Oh, there's not a cell so lonely
But a song may echo there;
Oh, there's not a night so cheerless
But there's potency in prayer;
Sing, oh, sing, thou weary pilgrim,
Song will bring thee heavenly peace;
Pray, oh, pray, thou burdened prisoner,
God will give thee sweet release.

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At Last.

Josephine Pollard. "He shall overcome at the last."—Gen. 49: 19. R. Lowry.

1. At last the chains are bro - ken, At last the rock is rent, The glad con - fes - sion
2. Twas Je - sus, great Phy - si - cian, Who sought my love to win, Who pit - ied my con -
3. But for His lov - ing kind - ness, I might have still re - mained Un - conscious of my
4. His words I did not treas - ure, His beauty did not see, Un - til from self - ish

Chorus.

spok - en Ere yet the day is spent. Be glad, with joy ex - ult - ing, That
di - tion, And broke the spell of sin.
blind - ness, Where Sa - tan kept me chained.
pleas - ure My Sav - iour set me free.

Sa - tan's reign is past, That in this heart my Sav - iour A wel - come finds at last.

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My Spirit is Free.

Rev. W. A. S. "Follow me."—Matt. 4: 19. Rev. W. A. Spencer.

1. I fol - low the footsteps of Je - sus, my Lord, His Spir - it doth lead me a - long; I walk in the pathway made plain by His word, And He fills all my soul with this song.
2. A lep - er He found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From which He a - lone can set free; He spake in His mer - cy, "I will, be thou clean," And He in - stant - ly pu - ri - fied me.
3. A cap - tive in woe to my pris-on of night, The Mas - ter hath o - pen'd the door; O shout of de - liv'rance, ye an - gels of light, Praise His name, oh my soul, ev - er - more.
4. Pro - claim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For sin - ners from sorrow and woe; O sing of His grace who my par - don has bought, For His blood washes "whit-er than snow."

Chorus.

Glo - ry to God! my spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God! He pu - ri - fies me; I'm walk - ing the thorn - path, but joy - ful I'll be While fol - low - ing Je - sus my Lord.

By Permission.

WAKE A SONG OF GLADNESS.

F. J. C. "Praise ye the Lord."—PSA. 106 : 1. W. H. DOANE.

1. Wake a song of gladness, Wake a song of praise, Sing of Him whose goodness Crowns our days;
2. Wake a song of gladness, Sing with loud acclaim; Rock of our sal - va - tion—Great His name;
3. Fee - ble though our voices, Humble though our lays, Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, Hears our praise;

:S: FINE

Tell of all His mer - cies Ev - ery morning new, How His lov-ing kindness Falls like dew.
Wave the roy - al ban - ner While we march a-long, Make the hearts around us Glad with song.
If to Him we're faith-ful, Crowns to us He'll give, And with Him for - ev - er We shall live.

D. S. *He shall reign for - ev - er, He shall be adored; Praise Him ev-ery creature, Praise the Lord.*

REFRAIN. D. S. :S:

Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lord our King, Loud ho - sannas let us joy - ful sing;

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I Come to Thee.

Hattie M. Conrey. "Come unto me."—Matt. 11 : 28. R. Lowry.

1. O Lord, a - wakened by Thy word, I come to Thee; Oh, let my feeble prayer be heard—
2. Now let me hear Thy pard'ning voice; O Lord, for - give; Oh, bid my ach-ing heart re - joice;
3. Help now, O Lord, my un - be - lief; Now I be - lieve; Tho' of all sinners I am chief,

I come to Thee; I have no mer - it of my own, But by Thy blood Thou didst a-tone; Help
O Lord, for - give; Seal me this day for - ev - er Thine, And in my soul let glo - ry shine, And
Now I be - lieve; Now, Lord, what wilt Thou have me do? My path of du - ty plain-ly show, And

me to trust in Thee a - lone— I come to Thee.
tell me Je - sus Christ is mine—O Lord, for - give.
I will fol - low as I know—Now I be - lieve.

By Permission.

4.

The remnant of my days is Thine ;
Oh, take me, Lord ;
My time and talents are not mine ;
Oh, take me, Lord ;
Help me to tell to sinners dear
That Christ is precious and is near,
That He a simple prayer will hear—
Oh, take me, Lord.

Who will Reply?

P. P. Bliss. "White already to harvest."—John 4: 35. James McGranahan.

1. The fields are white, 'tis har - vest time, But la - bor-ers are few; The Lord un - to His
2. Faint heart, no long - er i - dly stand, Nor yet an hour de - lay; The gath'ring clouds a

Chorus.

serv-ice calls The will - ing and the true. Hear ye the call, who will re - ply?
storm foretell; A - rise, go, work to - day!

earnest call, Oh, who'll re-ply?

Send me, O Mas - ter, here am I.

here am I.

3 Wait not for other hands to do
The service of the Lord;
"To every man his work" is given,
And each receives reward.

4 What wond'rous grace, oh, Lord is Thine,
Such servants to employ,
To make us partners in Thy toil,
And sharers in Thy joy!

Cho.—I hear the call, I now reply,
Send me, O Master, here am I.

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CALLING FOR THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "The master is come and calleth for thee."—JOHN 11 : 28. W. H. DOANE.

1. How oft have I pictured, a - lone to my - self, How full of de - light I would be If
2. And yet in my spir - it a voice I have heard, More soft than a whisper could be; It
3. I might have been faithful, more faithful to Thee, So kind and for - bear-ing with me; My
4. O Saviour, for - give me, while yet there is time; Some fruit would I gather for Thee; If

REFRAIN.

some one should whisper, The Master has come, And now He calleth for thee. Calling for thee, calling for
spoke to my heart, and it lov - ing - ly said, The Master calleth for thee.
heart is reproved with the sad, touching words, The Master calleth for thee.
on - ly a sheaf, and the weakest of all, Dear Lord, accept it from me.

thee, The Master is calling for thee; Yes, calling for thee, calling for thee, O hear Him calling for thee.

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I AM SAVED.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. "According to his mercy he saved us."—TIT. 3: 5. R. LOWRY.

1. I am saved! I am saved! Je - sus bids me go free; He has bought with a price E - ven
2. I am cleansed! I am cleansed! I am "whiter than snow;" He is might - y to save, This I
3. Wondrous love! wondrous love! Now the gift I re - ceive; I have rest in His word, I be -

CHORUS.

me, e - ven me. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to my Saviour; Hal - le -
know, this I know.
lieve, I be - lieve.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

4 I was weak—I am strong
In the power of His might;
And my darkness He turns
Into light, into light.

5 Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!
Ye His saints everywhere;
I shall join in the throng
Over there, over there.

BY PERMISSION.

Wise to Win.

P. P. Bliss. "He that winneth souls is wise."—Prov. 11: 30. C. C. Case.

Slow.

1. God of wis - dom, hear my cry, Heal this bro - ken heart; Weak and sin - ful, Lord, am I,
2. To Thy work I glad - ly go, Mas - ter, lead me on; Of Thy grace the world must know,

Chorus.

Strength di-vine im - part. By the wa - - ter of Thy word, Wash me,
Tro - phies must be won.

By the wa - ter, by Thy word,

wash me from all sin; By Thy Ho - - ly Spir - it, Lord,

wash me, Lord, from all sin; By the Ho - ly Spirit, Lord,

Make me wise, yes, wise to win.

Make me wise, yes, make me wise to win.

3.

Winning wisdom have I none,
All must come from Thee;
Thine the power, and Thine alone
All the praise shall be.

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Any One Here?

"Help thou me."—Ps. 119: 86.

Mrs. F. J. A. W. H. Doane.

1. Is there a - ny sad heart that is heav - y la - den? A - ny one here? A - ny one here? Is there
2. Is there a - ny who thirsts for the liv - ing wa - ter? A - ny one here? A - ny one here? Is there
3. Is there a - ny would ask for a word of com-fort? A - ny one here? A - ny one here? Is there
4. Is there a - ny who longs to be owned by Je - sus? A - ny one here? A - ny one here? Is there

a - ny poor soul who would love the Sav - iour? Come, and we will help you on your way.
a - ny who sighs for the crim - son fountain? Come, and we will help you on your way.
a - ny who feels that our prayers would cheer you? Come, and we will help you on your way.
a - ny will say, I be - lieve this moment? Come, and we will help you on your way.

Reerain.

Just as you are the Lord will save you, Come with - out de - lay; Is there

a - ny poor soul who would fol - low Je - sus? Come, and we will help you on your way.

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"AFTERWARD."

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. "Nevertheless, afterward——"—HEB. 12: 11. P. P. BLISS.

Slowly.

1. What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord, For this dark and suffer - ing night? Father, oh what shall Thine "afterward" be? Hast Thou a morning of joy for me, And a new and a joyous light? And a new and a joy - ous light? What shall Thine "afterward" be? Oh, what shall Thine "afterward" be?
2. What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord, For the moan that I cannot stay? Wilt Thou not turn it to anthems of praise, Sweeter than sorrowless heart could raise, When the darkness hath passed away?
3. What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord, How long this chast'ning endure? "Afterward" cometh I can not tell what; Fa - ther, 'tis well that I know it not, But I know that Thy word is sure! But I know that Thy word is sure!

BY PERMISSION.

Blessed Saviour, Tarry with Us.

"And they constrained him saying, Tarry with us."—Luke 24: 29. (Marginal reading).

Theme suggested by Mrs. Boyd, Kittanning, Pa. Rev. J. S. Boyd.

1. Bless - ed Saviour, tarry with us, Leave us not, we pray; Let Thy hallowed presence cheer us,
2. Make our hearts to burn with-in us As Thy truth we trace; Showing how by death Thou livest,
3. Since Thou now hast all things ready,—Hav - ing spread the feast, By Thy loving kindness drawing,
4. Granting still Thy gracious bless - ing, O - pen Thou our eyes; Let Thy light dispel our darkness,

Chorus.

All our pil - grim way. Tar - ry with us, tar - ry with us, Leave us not, we pray;
Sav - ing us by grace.
Bring us all to taste.
Make us tru - ly wise.

Let Thy presence cheer and bless us, All our pilgrim way.

5.
Tarry with us all life's journey,
Over Jordan guide;
Then with Thee we'll tarry ever
On the other side.
Cho.—Tarry with us, tarry with us,
Over Jordan guide,
Let Thy presence bless us ever
On the other side.

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Speak for Jesus.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. "Speaking the truth in love."—Eph. 4: 15. R. Lowry.

1. Speak for Je - sus, speak for Je - sus, Have you not a word to say? Just a lit - tle
2. Speak for Je - sus, speak for Je - sus, 'Tis a lit - tle thing to do; But, to give you
3. Speak for Je - sus, speak for Je - sus, You who know His love revealed, Tho' your lips un -

word for Je - sus? Speak it, speak it while you may; Ah, how soon the lips may whit - en,
sweet oc - ca - sion, Once He gave His life for you; Yes, and now He sends the Spir - it,
til this moment Nev - er yet have been un - sealed; Speak the blessed "Who - so - ev - er,"

And the tongue refuse to tell How He sought you, how He saved you, How He loved you—oh, so well!
Whisp'ring to your in-most soul; Speak for Je - sus, speak for Je-sus, Let His love your lips control.
Bid the heav - y la - den come; Just these lit - tle words for Je - sus Bring the weary wand'rer home.

By Permission.

My Faith still Clings.

Rev. H. F. Colby. "Watch, stand fast in the faith"—Rom. 14: 1. W. H. Doane.

1. My sin is great, my strength is weak, My path be - set with snares; But Thou, O
2. The world is dark with - out Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife To find Thy
3. Temp-ta - tions lure and fears as - sail My frail, in - constant heart; But precious
4. Un - fold Thy pre - cepts to my mind, And cleanse my blind- ed eyes; Grant me to

Refrain.

Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my prayers. To Thee, to Thee, the Cru - ci -
love a sweet re - lief; Thou art the light of life.
are Thy prom-is - es, And they new strength im-part.
work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.

fied, The sin- ner's on- ly plea, Re - ly- ing on Thy promised grace, My faith still clings to Thee.

By Permission.

Where He leads We will Follow.

P. P. Bliss. "He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. 23: 2. P. P. Bliss.

Not too fast.

1. See the gen - tle Shepherd standing Where the qui - et wa - ters flow; To the
2. On - ly by the door we en - ter, All who en - ter He will save; Life a -
3. Safe with - in the fold He leads us, He the Shepherd, we His own; And as

pastures green in - viting, Hungry, thirsty, let us go. Where He leads, we will follow, Where He
bundant - ly be - stowing, Tho' His life the Shepherd gave.
Him the Father knoweth, Precious tho't—of Him we're known.

Chorus.

leads, we will fol - low, Where He leads, we will fol - low, We will fol - low all the way.

By Permission.

By and By.

F. J. C. "The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13: 39. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. By and by, when the reap - ers come, And we hear the song of the har - vest home, 'Twill be sweet to think of our la - bor done, Of the gold - en sheaves in the set - ting sun.
2. By and by, when at home we meet, When we cast our sheaves at the Mas - ter's feet, In the land of rest 'twill be joy to know, It was not in vain that we toiled be - low.
3. By and by, if we watch and wait, We shall en - ter in at the pearl - y gate; We shall sit us down with our friends a - bove, Mid the songs of joy in a feast of love.

Refrain.

By and by, when the an - gel reapers come, We will join the song of the har - vest home; O by and by, when the an - gel reapers come, We will join the song of the har - vest home.

By and by, By and by,

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By the Sea-side.

Rev. W. F. Crafts. "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves."—John 6 : 9. R. Lowry.

May be sung as a Solo.

1. By the sea-side stood the people, Hearing what the Saviour said; Seeing mir - a - cles of mer - cy,
2. Andrew brought a lad to Je - sus, In whose basket loaves were seen; But, "How few among so ma - ny!"

Thinking not of rest or bread; But as evening shadows gathered, Je - sus saw they had no meat;
And they seemed to be in vain; But the Saviour's blessing touched them, And they were enough for all;

Chorus.

And His loved Apostles questioned, "Where is food that these may eat?" O how wonder - ful His mer - cy,
So our words and pray'rs and offerings God can use, tho' few and small. O how wonder - ful His mer - cy,

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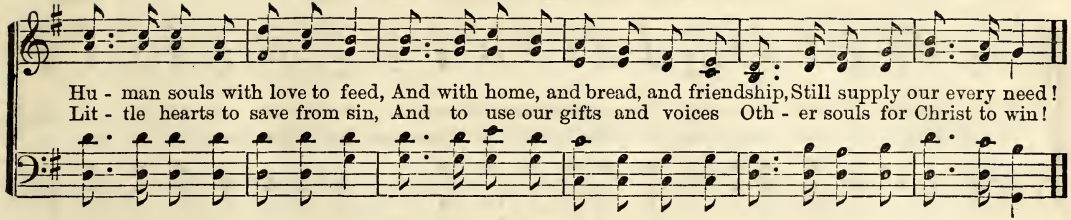
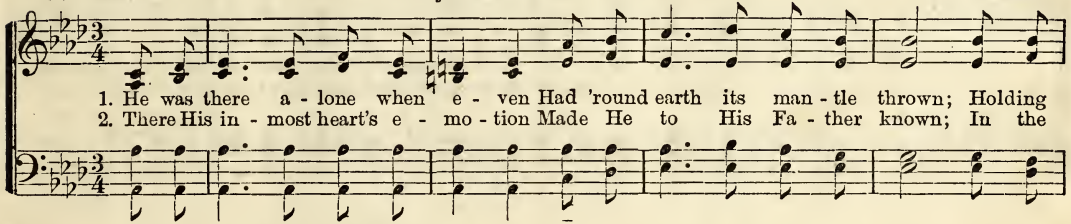
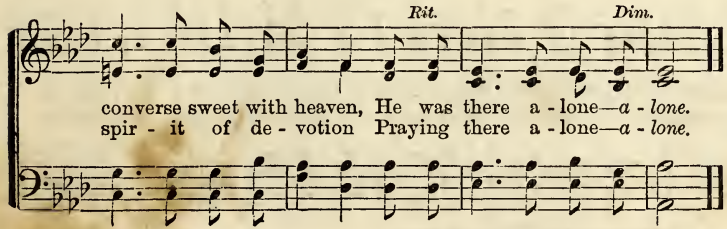


ALONE.

P. P. BLISS. "And yet I am not alone."—JOHN 16: 32. P. P. BLISS.





3.
So let us, from earth retiring,
Seek our heavenly Father's throne;
To His image e'er aspiring,
Be with Him alone—*alone.*

4.
So, when time its course hath ended,
And the joys of earth are flown,
We, by holy ones attended,
Shall not be alone—*alone.*

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Follow Me.

Mary B. Sleight. "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."—Matt. 4 : 19. H. R. Palmer.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low me, fol - low me," Soft - ly thro' the
2. Who will heed the ho - ly man-date, "Fol - low me, fol - low me," Leav-ing all things
3. Heark - en, lest He plead no long - er, "Fol - low me, fol - low me," Once a-gain, O

si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me;" As of old He called the fish - ers
at His bid -ding, "Fol - low, fol - low me;" Hark! that ten - der voice en - treat - ing,
hear Him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me;" Turn -ing swift at Thy sweet summons,

When He walked by Gal - i - lee, Still His patient voice is pleading, "Fol-low, fol-low me."
Mar - i - ners on life's rough sea, Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly re - peating, "Fol-low, fol-low me."
Ev - ermore, dear Christ, would we For Thy love all else for-sak -ing, "Fol-low, fol-low Thee."

By Permission.

We will not Despair.

P. W. Hill. "Thou art my portion, O Lord."—Ps. 119 : 57. P. P. Bliss.

1. We will not de - spair, Tho' storms our bark may sev - er; Know - ing ev - ery - where, Je - ho - vah *can* de - liv - er.

2 When, in death's dark vale,
By Jordan's rolling river,
Earthly helpers fail,
Jehovah *must* deliver.

3 Oh! let come what will,
We'll trust our faithful Giver;
And our song is still—
Jehovah *will* deliver.

By Permission.

Spirit Divine.

P. P. Bliss. "Grace to help in time of need."—Heb. 4: 16. P. P. Bliss.

1. Spir - it Di - vine, Spir - it Di - vine, Be Thou the Day-star on my darkness to shine.
2. Spir - it of Truth, Spir - it of Truth, Be Thou the Teacher and the Guide of my youth.
3. Spir - it of Love, Spir - it of Love, Be Thou the Leader to my mansion a - bove.
4. Spir - it of Power, Spir - it of Power, Be Thine the praises of my song ev - er - more.

By Permission.

Bear the Cross for Jesus.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. "Take up the cross and follow me."—Mark 10 : 21. R. Lowry.

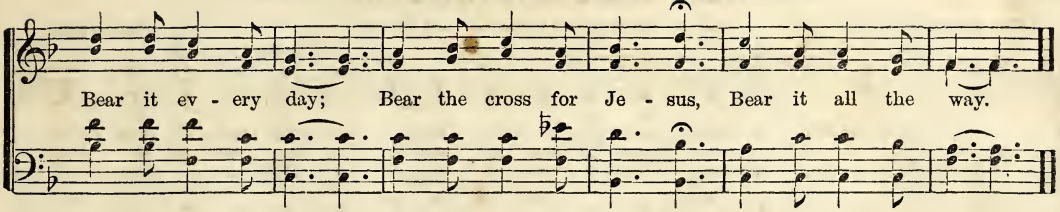
1. Bear the cross for Je - sus, Bear it ev - ery day; Tho' the path be rug - ged,
2. Bear the cross for Je - sus, Bear it thro' the strife, Or in pain and si - lence—
3. Bear the cross for Je - sus, Would you know the power Of His grace to save you—

Bear it all the way; Bear the cross for Je - sus, What - so - e'er it be;
What - so - e'er thy life; Bear the cross with pa - tience Tho' you sigh for rest;
Save you hour by hour; Bear the cross for Je - sus, Nev - er mind its weight;

Refrain.

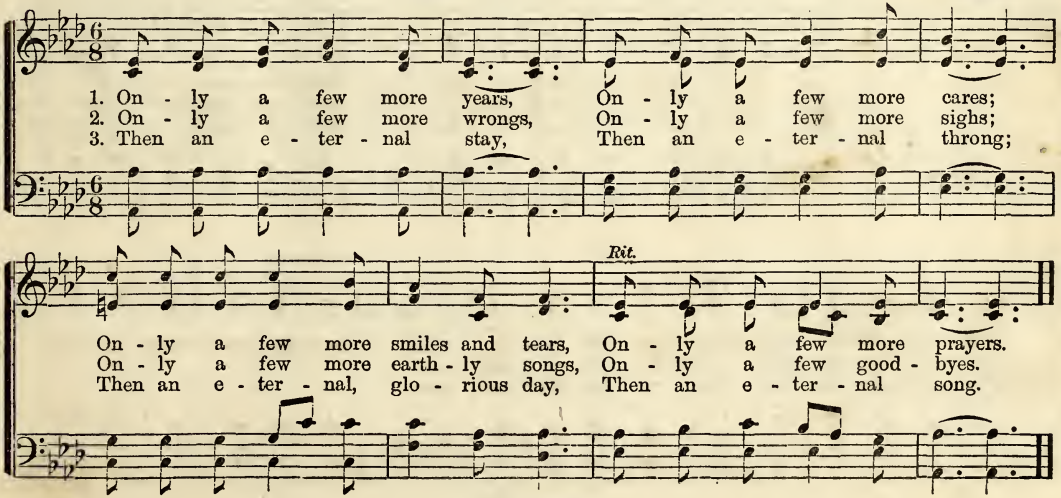
Bear it, and re - mem - ber All His love for thee. Bear the cross, bear the cross,
Just the one He gives you Is for you the best.
We shall leave our bur - den At the gold - en gate.

By Permission.



SOON AND FOREVER.

P. P. BLISS. "Though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness."—1 PET. 1 : 6. P. P. BLISS.



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CHRIST, THE LORD, IS RISEN TO-DAY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "He is risen."—MATT. 28 : 6. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

GIRLS. CHORUS. GIRLS.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, He is risen in - deed; Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day,

CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

1. He is risen in - deed; "He captive led cap-tiv - i - ty, He robbed the grave of vic - tory," He
2. Let ev - ery mourning soul re-joice, And sing with one u - nited voice; The
3. The great and glorious work is done, Free grace to all thro' Christ, the Son; Ho-
4. Let all that fill the earth and sea Break forth in tune-ful mel - o - dy, And

broke the bars of death, He broke the bars of death. Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
Sav - iour rose to - day, The Saviour rose to - day.
san - na to His name, Ho - san - na to His name.
swell the might-y song, And swell the mighty song.

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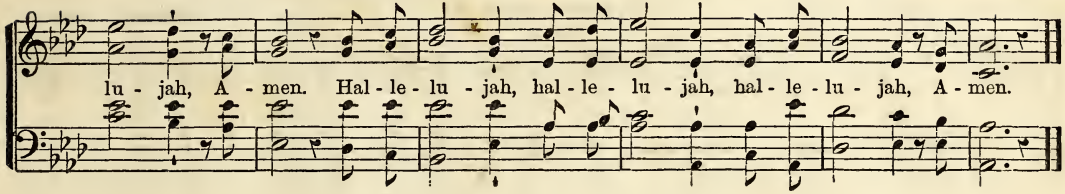
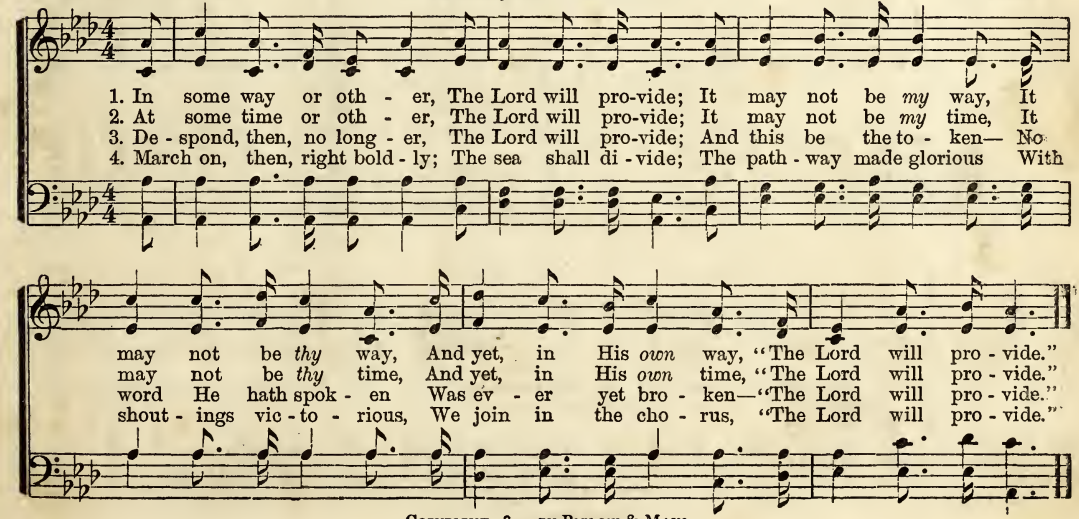


THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK. "Jehovah-jireh."—GEN. 22 : 14. R. LOWRY.



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ANOTHER SOLDIER FALLEN.

EBEN E. REXFORD. *In memory of P. P. BLISS.* Chorus and Music by GEORGE F. ROOT.

Con moto.

1. An - oth - er soldier fall - en In the rank and file of God; A life's grand record end - ed,
2. Oh, faithful ar - mor bear - er, How ma - ny eyes are dim, Be - cause you join no long - er
3. Oh, comrade in God's ar - my, The bat - tle trumpet ring; The dear old flag you fought for

An earth-ly pathway trod; Safe in the home he sung of Till hard - est hearts were stirred,
Earth's mighty bat - tle hymn; True heart, loved as a broth - er, Your friend-ly hand we miss,
Up - on the winds we fling; The thought of you will strengthen The weak heart in the fray,

CHORUS.

A - mong the songs e - ter - nal His own sweet voice is heard. Oh, no - ble christian sol - dier,
But think with heart ex - ult - ant, He knows what heaven is.
And this the word we send you, We'll "hold the fort" to - day!

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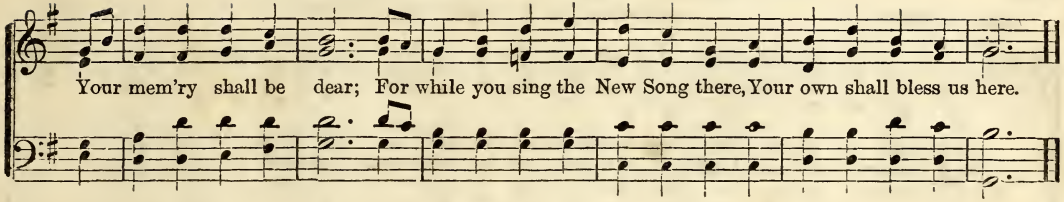
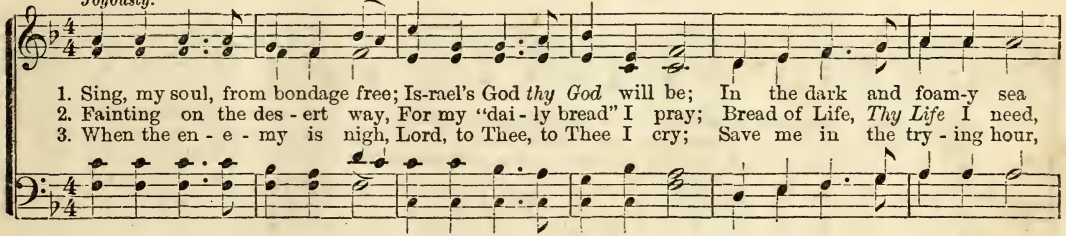


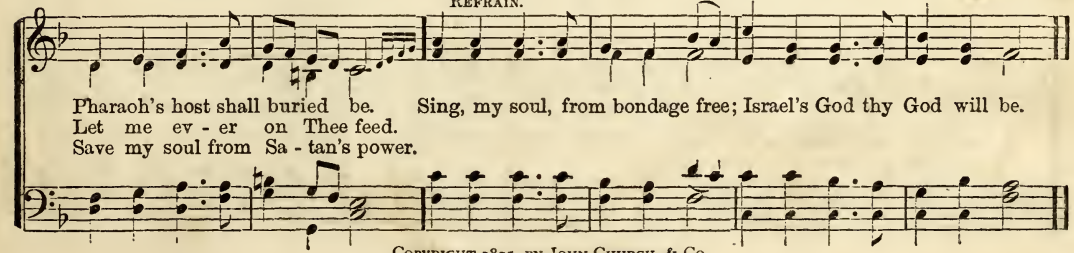
SING, MY SOUL.

P. P. BLISS. EX. 14: 19-32.—15: 22-27.—16: 1-5, 31-35.—17: 8-16. P. P. BLISS.

Joyously.



REFRAIN.



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THE COMFORTER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "He shall give you another comforter."—JOHN 14: 16. W. H. DOANE.

1. O Spir-it of Truth from the Father above, Come dwell in my heart, every i-dol remove; I
2. The rich-es of grace and its fullness unfold, And teach me to trust where I can not behold; O
3. O Spir-it of Love! my Redeemer doth send My Teacher and Guide, my Protector and Friend; I

need Thee to counsel, to com-fort and cheer, I need Thee to warn me when dangers are near.
why am I doubting and read-y to fall, When Thou art so will-ing to answer my call?
see not be-fore me one step by the way, But Thou art my Safeguard by night and by day.

REFRAIN.

O blessed Com-fort-er, draw me to Thee; I need Thee, I need Thee, O dwell Thou with me.

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THE MASTER CALLETH THEE.

W. F. S. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"—HEB. 2: 3. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. O sin-ner, the Saviour is calling, In love He in-vites you to come; Turn not from the
2. The Spir-it, so earn-est-ly pleading, Now bids thee no long-er de-lay; With strivings and
3. Why longer re-fuse gracious pardon, And scorn to be saved by the blood? Why sport on the
4. There's only one way of sal-va-tion, One pow'r to redeem from the grave; In Je-sus a-

REFRAIN.

ark of sal-va-tion, But en-ter while yet there is room. Then haste! for the storm is dark'ning! For
groans in-ter-ced-ing, Would bring thee to Jesus to-day.
brink of per-di-tion, In-vit-ing the judgments of God?
lone is re-demption, He on-ly is "mighty to save."

refuge to Cal-va-ry flee; Escape from the dan-ger that threatens, For the Master calleth thee.

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THIS IS THE VICTORY.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN 5 : 4.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

Vigorously.

1. March to the bat - tle - field, March on with sword and shield; March on; the
2. Stand firm a - gainst thy foes; Stand, though a host op - pose; Stand! well our
3. Fight, though thy foes in - crease; Fight, till the dawn of peace; Fight, till the

foe shall yield To Christ our King; On - ward, ye faith - ful band, On - ward at
Lead - er knows Our con - flicts all; "Fear not," He says to thee, "Fear not, but
war shall cease, Then shout and sing; Shout, then, tri - umph-ant - ly, Shout, shout the

His com - mand; On - ward, nor halt - ing stand, But loud - ly sing.
val - iant be, Fear not, but trust in Me; The foe must fall."
vic - to - ry; Shout, "Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord, our King!"

BY PERMISSION.

This is the vic - to - ry, This is the vic - to - ry, This is the

vic - to - ry We sing by the way; This is the vic - to - ry, This is the

vic - to - ry, This is the vic - to - ry, And faith gains the day.

By Permission.

THE GLAD FOREVER.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. "They shall reign forever and ever."—REV. 22: 5. R. BOWRY.

SOLO OR CHORUS.

1. I sometimes think 'tis too good to be true, When they talk of Life's fair riv - er— Of the
2. I sometimes ask, when I think of the end, Will the Lord on me have pit - y? Will He
3. I sometimes wish, when I'm wea - ry and sad, That the gold - en gates were near - er; But I

land so bright, where there falls no night On the beau - ti - ful, the glad For - ev - er.
bid me come to the dear, dear home In the beau - ti - ful, the ho - ly cit - y?
still can wait for a joy so great, And I know the crown will be the dear - er.

CHORUS.

Oh, no mat - ter what the world says, No mat - ter for its frown, No mat - ter for the storm, no,

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never; If to Jesus you are true, There's a glory waits for you In the beautiful, the glad Forev - er.

WE PRAISE THEE.

ANON. "Praise waiteth for thee, O God."—Ps. 65: 1. GEO. F. ROOT.

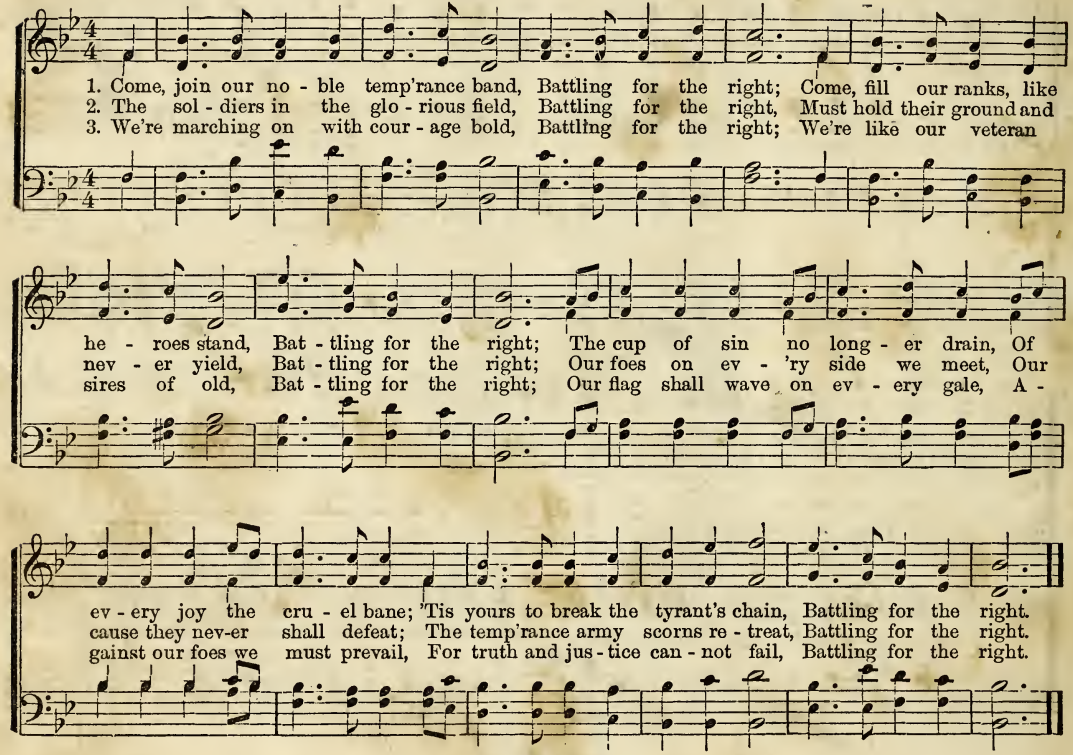
1. We praise Thee—we bless Thee our Father and Friend, O let our de - vo - tions be-fore Thee as - cend;
2. We thank Thee for blessings received every day— For which Thou hast taught us unceasing to pray;
3. Pro - tect us— defend us from sin and from harm, As the shepherd doth gather the lambs with his arm;

In youth and in childhood, to - geth - er we come, To pray that Thy will in our hearts may be done.
But O, for the treasures Thy Word hath in store, Thy name, O our Fa - ther, we bless and a - dore.
O nourish and strengthen our souls now in youth, With Thy love and Thy wisdom, Thy goodness and truth.

BY PERMISSION.

JOIN THE TEMPERANCE BAND.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." EPH. 5 : 11. HUBERT P. MAIN.



BY PERMISSION.

Sing it out with a Shout.

R. L. "A multitude of the heavenly host praising God."—Luke 2: 13. R. Lowry.

Vigorously.

1. Sing it out with a shout—Hal - le - lu - jah! On the plains of Bethlehem the angels sing; For the
2. Sing it out with a shout—Hal - le - lu - jah! Till the world shall listen to the angels' song; Let the
3. Sing it out with a shout—Hal - le - lu - jah! For the world is waiting for the joyful sound; All the

Lord is come—Halle - lu - jah! And the heav'ns with gladness ring; O hear the music of the heav'nly host; They
seas be glad—Halle - lu - jah! And the hills the sound prolong; Go forth, ye heralds, and the tidings tell, That
an - gels sing—Halle - lu - jah! And the glory shines a - round; To every creature you may now proclaim A

Refrain.

bring good ti - dings to the sin - ner lost. Sing it out with a shout, For the
Christ the Saviour is Im - man - u - el.
free sal - va - tion in the Saviour's name.

Sing it out with a shout,

Lord is come—Hal-le - lujah! Sing it out with a shout, For the Lord is come to reign.

Sing it out with a shout,

By Permission.

CROWN OF LIFE.

Rev. T. L. BAILY. "I will give thee a crown of life."—REV. 2: 10. R. LOWRY.

1. Press on, pilgrim, young tho' thou art; Firm be thy step, and brave thy heart; Believe the Lord, Obey His word,
2. Fight on, soldier, seek not for rest; Jesus will give when He thinks best; The battle o'er, To fight no more,
3. Cheer up, Christian, for "o-ver there" Glo - ry is beaming clear and fair; Within the gate The angels wait,

CHORUS.

And from His counsels ne'er de - part. Press on, pilgrim; Fight on, soldier; Cheer up, Christian;
With peace and joy thou shalt be blest.
And thine the crown the ransomed wear.

Glory thou shalt see; To him that overcometh a crown of life shall be, And he shall reign to e - ter-ni - ty.

BY PERMISSION.

Sweet Moments of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby. *Gently.* "There I will meet with thee and commune."—Exod. 25 : 22. W. H. Doane.

1. Here from the world we turn, Je - sus to seek; Here may His lov - ing voice
2. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Presence di - vine, Now in our long - ing hearts
3. Sav - iour, Thy work re - vive, Here may we see Those who are dead in sin

Ten - der - ly speak; Je - sus, our dear - est friend, While at Thy
Gra - cious - ly shine; Oh, for Thy might - y power, Oh, for a
Quick - ened by Thee; Come to our hearts to - night, Make ev - ery

pp

feet we bend, Oh, let Thy smile de - scend, 'Tis Thee we seek.
bless - ed show'r, Fill - - ing this hal - lowed hour With joy di - vine.
bur - den light, Cheer Thou our wait - ing sight, We long for Thee.

By Permission.

Cast your Care on Jesus.

R. L. "For he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5 : 7. R. Lowry.

1. Is there trouble in your life? Cast your care on Je - sus; Is there weakness in the strife?
2. Do you doubt His ho - ly word? Cast your care on Je - sus; Do you mourn your ab - sent Lord?
3. Have you darkness when you pray? Cast your care on Je - sus; Does the answer long de - lay?
4. Has the Saviour lost His charm? Cast your care on Je - sus; Do you miss the sheltering arm?

Chorus.

Cast your care on Je - sus. He bore it all for you, He bore it all for you—
Cast your care on Je - sus.
Cast your care on Je - sus.
Cast your care on Je - sus.

Sin and sorrow, suffering too, Cast it all on Je - sus.

5 Though your heart is full of ill,
Cast your care on Jesus;
There is One who loves you still
Cast your care on Jesus.

6 Now return to mercy's door,
Cast your care on Jesus;
Love and joy will come once more,
Cast your care on Jesus.

By Permission.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

ELLA DALE. "A still, small voice."—1 KINGS 19 : 12. W. H. DOANE.

1. In the si - lent watches of the night, Came a still, small voice that said, "Thorns and cross I bore for thee, All thy sins on me were laid." O my Saviour, I hear Thee still, Gently calling me, Sweetly calling me To the narrow, narrow way, Leading on to endless day, Where the blest have gone before.
2. In the bus - y la - bor of the morn, Whispered soft that voice of love, "Lay not up thy treasure here, Set thy heart on things a - bove."
3. In the wea - ry searching for the peace Earthly joy could not af - ford, Je - sus whispered, "Come and rest On the bo - som of thy Lord."
4. I will rest me, rest me ev - er there; Blessed Saviour, Thou art mine; In the calm and si - lent night, I shall hear Thy voice di - vine.

CHORUS.

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Meet Me at the Fountain.

P. P. Bliss. "Before the presence of his glory."—Jude 24. P. P. Bliss.

1. Will you meet me at the fount-ain, When I reach the glo - ry - land? Will you meet me at the fount - ain? Shall I clasp your friendly hand? Oth - er friends will give me wel - come,
2. Will you meet me at the fount-ain? For I'm sure that I shall know Kindred souls and sweet com- mun - ion, More than I have known be - low; And the cho - rus will be sweet - er
3. Will you meet me at the fount-ain? I shall long to have you near When I meet my lov- ing Sav - iour, When His welcome words I hear; He will meet me at the fount - ain,

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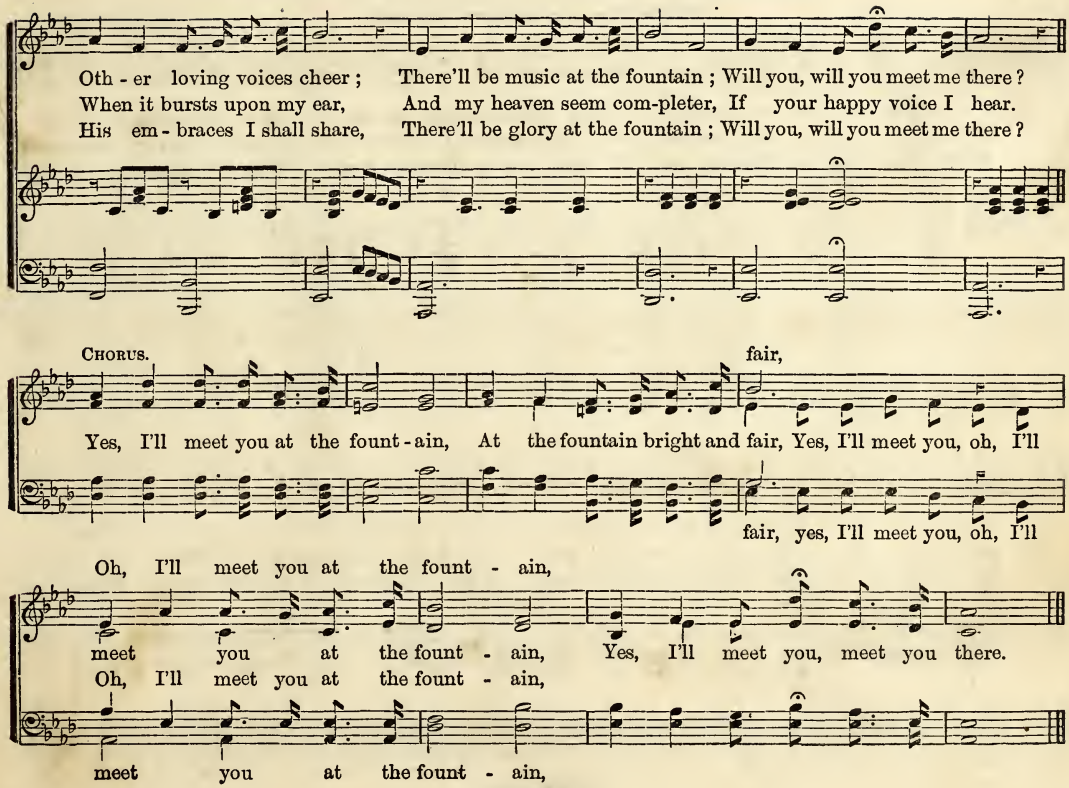

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TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. "I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3 : 14. H. R. PALMER.

1. The prize is set before us, To win, His words implore us, The eye of God is o'er us
2. We'll fol - low where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feedeth, We'll yield to Him who pleadeth
3. Our home is bright above us, No tri - als dark to move us, But Je - sus dear to love us

From on high, from on high; His lov - ing tones are calling While sin is dark, ap-pall - ing, 'Tis
From on high, from on high; Then naught from Him shall sever, Our Hope shall brighten ev - er, And
There on high, there on high; We'll give Him best endeav - or, And praise His name for - ev - er, His

CHORUS.

Je - sus gen - tly call - ing, He is nigh, He is nigh. By and by we shall meet Him, By and
Faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
precious words can nev- er, Never die, nev - er die.

BY PERMISSION.

by we shall greet Him, And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by; By and

by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

GOD IS ALWAYS NEAR ME.

P. P. BLISS. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place."—PROV. 15: 3. P. P. BLISS.

Slow and soft.

1. God is always near me, Hearing what I say; Knowing all my tho'ts and deeds, All my work and play.
2. God is always near me, In the darkest night He can see me just the same As by mid-day light.
3. God is always near me, Tho' so young and small, Not a look, or word, or tho't, But God knows it all.

BY PERMISSION.

REMEMBERED.

Dr. H. BONAR. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."—Ps. 112: 6. P. P. BLISS.

Con Espressione.

1. Fad - ing a - way like the stars of the morning
2. So let my name and my place be for - got - ten,

mf

Los-ing their light in the glo - ri - ous sun, So let me steal a - way, gen-tly and lov - ing - ly,
On - ly my life-race be pa - tient-ly run; So let me pass a - way, peaceful - ly, si - lent - ly,

Slow.

On - ly re - membered by what I have done, On - ly re - membered by what I have done.
On - ly re - membered by what I have done, On - ly re - membered by what I have done.

Slow.

BY PERMISSION.

REMEMBERED. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Soprano.*

Ev - er re-membered, for ev - - er re-membered, Ev - er re - membered while the

Alto.

Ev - er - more re-membered, ev - er - more re-membered, Ev - er re - membered while the

years are roll-ing on; Ev - er re-membered, for ev - - er re - membered, On - ly re -

years are roll-ing on; Ev - er - more re - membered, Ev - er - more re - membered, On - ly re -

Ritard.

mem - bered by what I have done.

mem - bered by what I have done.

3.

So, in the harvest, if others may gather
Sheaves from the fields that in spring I have sown;
Who plowed or sowed matters not to the reaper—
I'm only remembered by what I have done.—*Chorus.*

4.

Fading away like the stars of the morning,
So let my name be unhonored, unknown;
Here, or up yonder, I must be remembered—
Only remembered by what I have done.—*Chorus.*

BY PERMISSION.

'Tis Heaven with Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. "In thy presence is fullness of joy."—Ps. 16: 11. W. H. Doane.

1. O, what were life with - out Thy love, Or what were heav'n to me, If in that realm of
2. Thou art the sun whose ge - nial beam Revives my drooping heart, Thou art the Heav'n in
3. Since first I found Thee at the cross, And felt Thy power di - vine, My peace has like a
4. Ac - cept, O Lord, my humble praise, 'Tis all my heart can give; O help me, by Thy

Refrain.

vast de-light I could not dwell with Thee? 'Tis heav'n with Thee, 'Tis heav'n with Thee, Thy voice to hear,
which I live, 'Tis heav'n where'er Thou art. [Thy
riv - er flowed; A constant joy is mine.
sovereign grace, For Thee a-lone to live.

smile to see; Thy presence makes a heav'n for me, 'Tis heav'n with Thee. 'Tis heav'n with Thee.

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SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME.

"O keep my soul, and deliver me."—Ps. 25: 20.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON. EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

m *f*

1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac-cord our parting hymn of praise;
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee be-gun, with Thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness in - to light;
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sor-row, and our stay in strife;

m *p* *rit.* *pp*

We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy Name.
From harm and danger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
Then when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

CLOSING HYMN.

—No. 1.—

WHO'LL be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
Some one is ready, some one is waiting;
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

REF.—Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now?
Follow Jesus now.

2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—
Follow His weary, bleeding feet?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy seat?

3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,
Singing upon the other side?

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

—No. 2.—

"ALMOST persuaded" now to believe,
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive,
Seems now some soul to say:
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come today;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear;
Oh, wand'rer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail;
Sad, sad, that bitter wail:
"Almost, but lost!"

P. P. Bliss.

—No. 3.—

TAKE the name of Jesus with you
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

—No. 4.—

COME to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He's shown us the way;
Here at our hearts He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHO.—Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee
In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

Geo. F. Root.

—No. 5.—

I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks

—No. 6.—

LO! a fountain full and free,
Overflowing ever;
Fainting heart, it is for thee,
Overflowing ever;
Gushing, sparkling, never still,
Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.

REF.—Overflowing, overflowing ever,
Overflowing,
Flowing now for thee.

2 Blessed fount! the purest known,
Overflowing ever;
Stream of life from out God's throne,
Overflowing ever;
Sacred blood for sinners spilt,
This can cleanse away thy guilt.

E. F. C. H.

—No. 7.—

MORE love to Thee, O Christ
More love to Thee;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;

This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

Mrs. E. Prentiss.

—No. 8.—

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REF.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

Fanny J. Crosby.

—No. 9.—

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee!
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

—No. 10.—

SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Rev. R. Lowry.

—No. 11.—

WE shall meet beyond the river,
By and by, by and by;
And the darkness shall be over,
By and by, by and by;
With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harp of glory,
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story,
By and by, by and by;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

Rev. John Atkinson.

—No. 12.—

MORE like Jesus would I be;
Let my Saviour dwell with me—
Fill my soul with peace and love—
Make me gentle as a dove;
More like Jesus, while I go,
Pilgrim in this world below;
Poor in spirit would I be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

2 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by his side,
Where the tranquil waters glide;
Born of Him, through grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

—No. 13.—

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

H. Bonar, D. D.

—No. 14.—

HEAVENLY Father, bless me now;
At the cross of Christ I bow:
Take my guilt and grief away;
Hear and heal me now, I pray.

REF.—Bless me now, bless me now,
Heavenly Father, bless me now.

2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord.

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

Alexander Clark, D. D.

—No. 15.—

TELL me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHO.—Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Kate Hankey.

—No. 16.—

I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

CHO.—I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

Kate Hankey.

—No. 17.—

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

3 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

Fanny J. Crosby.

—No. 18.—

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

—No. 19.—

I AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

—No. 20.—

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Chas. Wesley.

—No. 21.—

TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wand'rers come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

S. F. Smith, D. D.

—No. 22.—

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy Grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it it from Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

—No. 23.—

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Rev. A. M. Toplady.

—No. 24.—

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. Dwight, D. D.

—No. 25.—

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

S. F. Smith, D. D.

—No. 26.—

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to thee!

Sarah F. Adams.

—No. 27.—

AM I a soldier of the cross?
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

Isaac Watts.

—No. 28.—

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

John Mason.

—No. 29.—

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray—
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thy armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

George Heath.

—No. 30.—

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Wm. Cowper.

—No. 31.—

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some droppings fall on me—

CHO.—Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

2 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me.—Even me.

Pass me not ! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.—Even me.

Elizabeth Codner.

—No. 32.—

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Cavalry,
Saviour divine ;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away ;
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

Ray Palmer, D. D.

—No. 33.—

WE praise Thee, O God! for the
Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone
above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory; Hallelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit
of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and
scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that
was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has
cleansed every stain.

4 Revive us again; fill each heart with
Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire
from above.

W. P. Mackay.

—No. 34.—

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and
pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Philip Doddridge.

—No. 35.—

Tune—"*Hold the Fort.*"

FORWARD, brave men, to the battle!
Hear the call of God;
Prove your courage in the conflict,
Tread where worthies trod.

CHO.—Lift aloft the cross of Jesus,
Hold it high and strong;
Shout aloud the name of Jesus—
Swell the battle-song.

2 Faith our shield, and hope our helmet,
Satan's hosts we face;
Marshaled in the might of Jesus,
Win we by His grace.

3 Catch the order of our Captain;
Wield the Spirit's sword;
Onward, fearless, press to conquer,
Slaying with His word.

4 Sharers in the glad hosanna,
All who will believe,
And who, joyful, hail His banner,
Crowns of life receive.

Rev. F. Denison.

—No. 36.—

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

John Fawcett.

—No. 37.—

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

Walter Shirley

—No. 38.—

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken.

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